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# IRELAND

AND

# ITS RULERS:

## SINCE 1829.

## PART THE THIRD.

"——sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere——"
Tacitus.

LONDON:
T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER St., CAVENDISH Sq.

1844.

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# PREFACE.

The Author had hoped to have concluded in the present part his review of the Irish Viceregal Administrations since 1829. But for reasons, which he is sure will be appreciated, he has felt unwilling to comment upon the transaction of last year, while legal proceedings affecting the liberty of several persons were still before the Courts of Law. As he has refrained from noticing the conduct of the Irish Tribunes during "The Repeal year," he has felt it but fair to avoid commenting on the conduct of Administration during the same space of time.

# CHAPTER I.

## LORD NORMANBY AND HIS TIMES.

His ego gratiora dictu alia esse scio, sed me vera pro gratis loqui etsi meum ingenium non moneret, necessitas cogit.

LIVY.

It has been repeatedly stated by the mere partizans of the Melbourne Ministry, that Lord Normanby's Viceroyalty was the first instance of a successful and popular administration of Irish affairs. And certainly no one could deny that Lord Normanby was most popular in Ireland, both personally and politically. He

was not merely liked by the Irish courtiers, praised and flattered by the middle classes, but shouted and hallooed for by the populace at large. If amount of popular incense be the test by which a successful ruler should be tried, probably no man could lay a better claim to the praise of great Statesmanship than Lord Normanby.

And yet, after all, when tried by a historical standard, or by any comprehensive principle of policy, it will be found that Lord Normanby was rather a popular Viceroy than a commanding and creative Statesman. A Corn Exchange breeze blew him along—and though his Ministry seemed seaworthy, if it had been exposed to three months of the violence with which Lords Anglesey and Stanley were assailed—"the beloved—revered—and illustrious Normanby," would have foundered like a Thames yacht in a hurricane.

The main secret of the popularity of his Administration may be found in the fact that the Agitators supported him at their own good will and pleasure; that the purses of the middle classes, and the patience of the populace had been exhausted by the incessant and weari-

some agitation for five previous years of exasperation and discord; and that the Tailmen, in and out of St. Stephen's, were heartily glad to have a temporary compromise with the British Government. In fact the Normanby party in Ireland was very little more than the Repealers'. Of course certain self-styled Whigs boldly asserted that the Normanby party was thoroughly Whig. But any one of common discernment might have perceived that no radical cure had been effected in the Repealers, who for the time had got a coat of Court varnish which a few showers of agitation would have washed off. During the "Mulgrave Era," the Imperial Whig party was made to depend upon the Tail. A pretty dependence! For the Statesman who erects his political system on the support of Irish demagogues, is like the architect who would expect his edifice to be propped up by the winds.

If the Normanby Ministry had accomplished even the one third part of what its extravagant panegyrists claimed for it, it may fairly be asked where are the fruits of it in 1844, or where were they in 1843, when several of its

supporters were to be found assisting in the proceedings of "The Repeal Year," and when many of its partizans tacitly approved of, if they had not the courage to aid the vast agitation? In fact, the feelings of Ireland, or (to speak more correctly), "the lower nation," towards the Normanby Regime were like those experienced by one perusing the writings of some clever concoctor of fashionable novels—its sensations were very agreeable, but also very ephemeral.

Most unwisely for his own fame, the mere puffers of Lord Normanby have provoked a comparison between his administration and that of Lord Wellesley. Because that illustrious personage—the great Wellesley, was never an idol of the Irish populace; and because tens of thousands shouted for Lord Normanby, it is contended that the latter nobleman was the greater and wiser Governor of Ireland! But such reasoning (if so it can be called) does not deserve much notice. It is in politics, as in science and literature—the multitude of voices does not determine merit. The crowd of persons always assign merit according to their

own coarse sensations, having no standard whereby to discriminate and to decide. No doubt if it were left to the Irish people to vote whether a Wellesley or a Marquis of Normanby should be the Lord-Lieutenant the vast majority of voices would have been given for the latter. But, as the profound Burke remarks—" Government is *not a matter of will* upon any side. Government and Legislation are matters of reason and judgement, *and not of inclination.*" In Statesmanship a Normanby is to a Wellesley in much the same proportion, that the writer of " Matilda" and " Yes and No" bears in Literature to the author of " Amelia" and " Tom Jones."

The difference between Lord Wellesley and Lord Normanby as Governors of Ireland *responsible for the maintenance of British Empire*, may be thus explained.

Wellesley governed—Lord Normanby accommodated. One had his head full of the idea of British Empire, the other thought more about the existence of the Melbourne Ministry. The first had not the slightest opinion of mob popularity, as a means of ruling the Irish ; the other thought that miracles might be accomplished by

"tremendous cheers," banners, and gala meetings. The first thought that the true mode of permanently governing Ireland, was by influencing the opinion of all persons of permanent *status*—by governining through those classes that have substance—in short by aiding the development of a firmly sustained public;—the other considered that Irish Rulers should seek to captivate if possible the mass of society—to dazzle the multitude, and by superior *savoir faire*—by the exhibition of graceful, popular demeanour—and by dashing acts, attract to themselves the admiration and affection of the masses. Lord Wellesley's real opinion of the Irish was perhaps more complimentary to them than that entertained by Lord Normanby. For though Wellesley abstained from flattering the prejudices of the Irish, he really thought that their cause was a formidable one; he by no means laughed at the notion of national regeneration. By his whole conduct—by his every act and speech—he showed that he thought it most dangerous to venture on pampering Irish democratic prejudices. With his cool and calculating mind, (and in the statesman's art of computation none of his British contemporaries

surpassed him) he saw what the Irish people, with proper leaders, conspicuous for courage and the faculties of generalship rather than for eloquence and tribunitian arts, might in favourable circumstances accomplish. He remembered what one man of dauntless heart had done—he knew the career of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and how near he had been to success. On the other hand Lord Normanby seemed to think that liberally treating the Irish people to "cakes and ale" would wean them from national ambition, and would completely soothe and lull their hereditary feelings of animosity to Britain. He seemed not to think that the Irish were formidable—and to consider that by skilfully amusing their provincial prejudices, England might easily coax the Irish into becoming a nation of tame and servile Imperialists.

It was natural for Lord Normanby and the mere Melbourne Whigs to have supposed that the process of *Mulgravizing* the Irish was successful. Estimated by shouts, and hurrahs—it was a grand policy, but considered with reference to the permanence of the Empire, it was a shallow and short sighted scheme, if it had no

other instruments of Government than what were exhibited during its continuance. The Melbourne Whigs never saw that it was a demagogue power which was the cause of their popularity in Ireland. Some of the shrewd men of the party perceived it, though of course they would not have publicly admitted it.

If however it be still contended that the Normanby Government was as successful as its panegyrists assert, it may be again asked what became of the whole scheme, when Lord Ebrington was made Viceroy of Ireland? Why could not the Mulgravizing plan have been more permanent? Was it really worth so little that merely changing the Viceroy from Normanby into Ebrington caused so serious a difference in the manner with which the Irish masses comported themselves towards the latter nobleman? This question may be examined elsewhere.

Having mentioned the name of Wellesley in conjunction with that of Lord Normanby, it may not be amiss to indicate how coarse is the discrimination, not merely of large popular bodies, but even of that portion of the public

which vaunts itself as "the intelligent class." There are numbers of really well informed persons who never consider how great a part that illustrious person, played in the carrying of the Emancipation Bill of 1829. For example, in a very graceful and striking "passage of arms" (at the end of Session 1842) between Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, in which without any distinct purpose, they exhibited their fine powers of Parliamentary rhetoric,* Lord Palmerston said that three persons were chiefly concerned in the great measure of 1829 —viz. the Duke of Wellington—Sir Robert Peel—and Daniel O'Connell. But he might have fairly added Lord Wellesley, for from 1822 to 1827 that great man effected wonders in Ireland. The moral effect of his presence in Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant was prodigious.

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* Athough the exhibition on that occasion was most agreeable to assist at, yet it is to be hoped that there will be no more such mere displays—for the sake of display. They never would answer, and would not even be effective in the House of Commons. Although Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords made his annual Reviews of Legislation, it was after he had first helped to slaughter nearly all the (Melbourne) Whig measures.

He did not affect popularity in the Radical's acceptation of the term, and yet though hampered with Lord Manners as Chancellor, and with Goulburn as Chief-Secretary, he influenced opinion in Ireland to a vast extent. Numbers of persons of the highest consideration, under *his* auspices avowed their sympathy with the Catholics, and even openly proffered their adhesion to the cause of Emancipation. He was indeed a puissance of the greatest order and it was a grand thing to witness the effect, which two great men—a Wellesley as Lord-Lieutenant, and a Plunket, as Attorney-General, produced upon the Irish public. The influence of Lord Wellesley was ennobling and elevating, without having recourse to the slightest clap trap. But to return to Lord Normanby, the finest part of whose conduct was his personal demeanour towards the Tory leaders, who treated him after the fashion of religious bigots, raised by the sport of fortune to rank and power. His treatment of them was marked with equal spirit and tact. He did not provoke their hostility, but he quietly disregarded all its manifestations, and

smiled at their virulent opposition. And certainly the conduct of the Irish Aristocracy was discreditable to its members considered as gentlemen, and most disgraceful to them as Irishmen. Their indignation was manifested in such a paltry and pitiful fashion. Their anger was displayed after the style of irritated shopkeepers.

Mr. Lockhart in the "Life of Scott," mentions the solitary instance in which Sir Walter was treated with incivility and inhospitality during his visit to Ireland in 1825. A Catholic gentleman of estate and high social position, refused to allow his hounds to be employed in giving Sir Walter a day's sport, on the pitiful pretext that the author of Waverly was an opponent to the Catholic claims.* It is unnecessary to state that such

* There can be little doubt that the gentleman in question acted hastily, and possibly regretted his conduct afterwards. For assuredly his social reputation is the direct reverse of being inhospitable or bigotted. On the contrary, there are few finer specimens in Ireland of the national country gentleman, gallant, spirited, and open.

truly un-Irish inhospitality did not find an imitator or defender in Ireland. For his reception there amongst all classes was of so marked a character, than even Mr. Canning especially congratulated him thereupon. Now the same sort of inhospitable treatment that Sir Walter received from one Irish gentleman, was experienced by Lord Normanby at the hands of several, who, blinded by their despicable bigotry, refused to offer courtesy to the Viceroy, representing the King. They actually refused to honor him with conventional respect merely because he was so wonderfully popular. They *cut* going to Court, and left the Castle to be attended by the Liberals alone. As an instance of the paltry manifestation of Tory bigotry towards Lord Normanby, might be instanced the fact, that on one of his visits to Cork harbour, the members of the R. C. Y. Club, refused to allow their yachts to be dressed on the occasion. They (with one or two exceptions) abstained from going out on that particular day, their yachts rode quietly at anchor, without a flag hoisted, and although in general the surface of that noble sheet of

water is dotted over by several gay yachts, on the Vice Regal visit alluded to—it was an expanse almost without a sail. Such was the hospitality of a vast body of Munster gentry! aye, and of persons who pique themselves on the score of their rank and consideration. The most base-born plebeians could hardly exhibit more mean and grovelling bigotry.

But such is Ireland in the present age. The people throng with enthusiasm to a Lord Normanby, and the gentry if they make their appearance, only do so for the purpose of some studied discourtesy. On the other hand, if a Lord De Grey should have appeared in the same place, what hoistings of flags! What patteraras would have been fired from Tory cutters, and conservative schooners! And if the people could have been assembled to see the Tory Viceroy what a dismal hiss of popular scorn would have met the ears of the generalissimo of the Yorkshire Huzzars! If the gentry should have illuminated in his honor, there would have been an extraordinary demand for glaziers on the next morning.

"Down with the flags!" cry the yachting

gentry when the popular ruler approaches; "Let us burn him in effigy," shout the Repealers as the Tory Viceroy makes his "progresses."

## CHAPTER II.

## LORD NORMANBY AND HIS TIMES.

> Public affections combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives—always as aids to law. Manners are what vex or sooth—corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe.
>
> BURKE.

ONE of the most effective weapons with which the Tory party assailed Lord Normanby was ridicule. The Irish mind is morbidly sensitive to mockery, and the comical character of the groups that were occasionally witnessed at the Normanby Levees afforded tempting themes to to all Tory wits. And to an observer of Human

Nature, it suggested much matter for reflection, to listen to the jokes of the Tories against "Court Mummery," "Vice-Regal nonsense," "fawning sycophants and servile Courtiers." They had for the time picked up all the cant of ordinary Radicalism, and during their political disappointment growled at the Normanby courtiers. The sort of persons who attended the Levees afforded them an unfailing source for their half lacrymose—half splenetic merriment, and they grinned savagely as they repeated the thrice told jokes about the first appearance of the Looney family at the drawing-rooms—not forgetting Mr. Lowry Mac Taaffe, and his *last* appearance at the Castle Levees! Alas! for poor Human Nature, what excellent Radical common-place the Irish Tories gave utterance to as they voluntarily staid away from Dublin Castle during the Era of "Justice to Ireland!" And alas! again for human nature what crawling—and self-debasing courtiers many of the fiery champions of Irish Democracy became on their admission to Vice Regal festivities! It was indeed truly ludicrous to witness their extravagant and fantastic

loyalty. From one end of the week to the other it was nothing with them but "His Excellency," and "Her Excellency," and "Her Ladyship said this, and his Lordship did that." The courtiers' trade is an easy one, its slang and its customs can be quickly learnt in any country, but the Irish Repealers during the "Mulgrave Era," were the aptest of pupils in the glozing style of political adulation. The gratification they felt in enjoying the trumpery honours of Vice Regal courtiers was almost childish in its nature, and the extravagant anger of the Tories at seeing their most violent opponents going to the Castle in all the splendour of cocked hats and silk stockings, was equally childish, and excessively ridiculous. Instead of good humouredly laughing at the State Farce of "High Life below Stairs," they gnashed their teeth, and sputtered forth their indignation on learning that the Looneys and the Twomies—and the O'Tooles of Kilballybathershins Castle had given up discontent and demagogueism, and were looking for berths in that old donjon keep of Toryism, within whose gloomy walls have been matured such

measures of injustice, that dreary pile of which the very name sounding omniously to an Irish ear—"THE CASTLE!" Yes! when the Tories saw that the Repealers were making themselves quite happy, and that they found themselves perfectly "at home," in that very spot which the Tories thought belonged to them by prescription, nothing could equal their comical anger, and their humourous indignation. They laughed—sneered—and scoffed incessantly, and the Vice Regal Repealers found themselves placed in a political pillory, pelted not only with pasquinades and unsavoury jokes, but with the decaying fragments of their putrescent reputations.

Nothing could transcend the brilliant bitterness with which in all the private circles of good society in Dublin, the Tories derided the Mulgravizing system of Government. In every house, eminent for good society, one was sure during "the dreadful half-hour before dinner," to be treated to a bitter tonic for improving the conversational appetite. The master of the house would have come home in sulky satisfaction at having black-beaned a

brace of Mulgravizers in his club, and in shaking hands with you, after abusing the bad weather, he would commence abusing "the damned folks at the Castle." Then though dinner be waiting, they must stay to hear Miss ——— tell her story, about the last dress those Twomey's wore. Then the unpunctual young barrister, "my second son, sir," would come in after soup, equally voracious for dinner, and anxious to disgorge his bellyfull of jokes from the Four Courts. Out they would come between each eager mouthful, and with his eye full of mischievous glee, he would patter away, while the sympathetic company would at the same time satisfy their appetite for dinner, and for sour and tart talk about the "damned fellows at the Castle." Plenty of harsh humour, of ungenial drollery would give excitement to the entertainment, and if you had been a stranger, accustomed to the *gaieti de cœur* of the genuine Irishman, you would have been astonished at the caustic wit of the Tory Irish—you would have perhaps felt as if you had been in the company of a set of brilliant and bilious Paddies; and if you had

been a man of the world, despising the fanaticism of the vulgar rich, as well that of the vulgar low, you might have sincerely wished for an end, not of " the damned fellows at the Castle" themselves, but for a termination to the talk about them.

But no! after the ladies had shewn their white teeth sufficiently in laughing at the twentieth " excellent story " of " my second son, sir, between ourselves, one who would now be Chairman of a County, but for these damned fellows at the Castle," and after they had retired to the Drawing-Room, the country gentleman who had said nothing during dinner would open his mouth, and commence with a tedious history of the indignity offered to himself in his magisterial capacity by those " damned fellows at the Castle." In despair you would turn to the young officer, who had drawn up his chair, feeling assured that he would not bore you with trumpery local politics. Alas! he only perhaps required to be set going about the Mulgravizers, and would with a hearty chuckle pop forth two or three comical stories about the Vice-Regal doings, and con-

tinue to entertain the company with nonsense, far more nasty, and decidedly more naughty than that which he had poured into the ear of the fair Tory, who had sat next him during dinner. In despair you would rush up-stairs, but much the same topics, handled in a more feminine fashion, would probably be on the *tapis* in the drawing-room. And there sitting sulky on a sofa would be "my eldest daughter, sir—Mrs. ——, whose husband lost his Deputy-Lieutenancy, because his wife wore Orange ribbons forsooth, and displeased those damned folk at the Castle." And so on, until disgust would induce you to beat a hasty retreat, from the gloomy moroseness of Tory oppositionists.

"Well! you might have cried to yourself, what a pity that persons will not have a little consideration! Why will they become so quarrelsome about trifles, and exasperated about mere trumpery grievances? Why does not 'my second son, sir,' rely upon his own merits for professional advancement and not on the influence of his family? Why cannot his father be contented with his social

position, as a man of large estate, and why will he give such a bad example to Irish gentlemen in cherishing his political antipathies? And why will a beautiful woman like Mrs. —— pucker up her pretty lips, and look cross in black satin, like a Protestant martyr sitting for her portrait! Well! it must be acknowledged that these 'Upper Nation' people are arrogant — bigotted — and culpably exclusive. No wonder that they are so unpopular."

Next day however you would perchance have dined with a steadfast supporter of the Mulgrave Ministry. With what complacent pomposity would the *parvenu* host receive you on your entrance! His airs of importance—his mouth screwed up at the corners, lest some state secret might ooze out at the corners, for *sotto voce* he would take care to inform you that "indeed! I saw his Excellency this very day," and he would speak most affectionately about the Marquis, and enthusiastically about Lady Normanby. He would swagger about his gaudy drawing-room, with something of the self-conscious dignity of a Hibernian Squire, and an American skipper—exhibiting in his

person and manners, a fantastical compromise between the blarney and the brogue of the ill-educated Irish, with all the intrusive familiarity characteristic of a Yankee. How different at this house would be the dreadful half hour before dinner, from that of the previous evening. As *there* it was all bitterness and sarcasm, and ill-humoured gentility, so *here* it would be all chuckle, merriment, and patriotic vulgarity. The host of yesterday was proud of his ancestry and his large estate, your entertainer of to-day was proud of his sixty thousand pounds —of his ostentatious subscriptions to public charities—of the anxiety with which Vice-Regal understrappers courted his confidence, and solicited his patronage of their "Anti-Victoria—being—assassinated—by the K—— of H—— Registration Society." With his red-hot Hibernian countenance—(reminding one of a potatoe garden in a blaze)—his vulgar waistcoat sprigged all over with tasteless and unnecessary ornament, (like one of Mr. Sheil's speeches embroidered on velvet,) he would seem like the genuine original of some signboard representation of an Irish "jontleman." Then he would

entertain the company by carefully calculating the age of some ailing Tory Judge, on whose death he hoped his eldest son would gain a step in his Profession. The dinner would wait for a few minutes hoping that his eldest son, a Curran or Plunket in embryo, might come home in time. "But perhaps his Excellency might have wanted him;" or "The Chancellor wished to see him particularly." And then he would commence with the "Enemies of the Queen!" and once the cue was given, "The Queen! the Queen! the Queen!" would be the catchword of the night. "Ah! she'll keep in the Ministry, despite of the malignity of Peel and all his cunning!" "Sir—if the Tories were in for one month, her life would be in danger!!" and with a knowing jockey-like chuckle—"Lord Melbourne is the boy—he knows *how to throw the soft over her!*" "That tyrant Stanley, why don't some Tipperary man——?" "That scoundrel Lyndhurst," and then would follow an interlude about "the Marquis told me," and "as her Excellency said to my daughter—Jane *sizs* she—' and so on during the entertainment. You would be

amused at the velocity with which all the epithets of compliment, and invective would fly across the table, and the exaggerating tendency of Irish character would be very manifest in the abundance of superlatives in the praise and censure bestowed on different persons. As you had been displeased yesterday with your censorious entertainers, so to-day you could not help allowing a sneer to curl your lip at the want of mind exhibited by the company. Perchance the majority of the company had a few months before been "Repalers all out, and no mistake," and now you would find them metamorphosed into being the advocates of some shabby system of Liberalism, produced by a union between the rump of the Whig party, and the head of the Corn Exchange.

Not a word now about the rebellion that was to be, and would surely take place, *when* an incalculable time would arrive, and *if* something that no one dreamed of doing, were carried out! Not a word against the tyrant England. Blarney was substituted for abuse—and the affectation of an enthusiastic friendship which none felt, was substituted for the pre-

vious exaggeration of "undying hatred" which had been more rhetorical than real in its character. Ireland was to be saved by "the Queen," to be cured of all its evils by "the Queen," and last, not least to be delivered from the Tories by "the Queen." It was not merely that the "oppression of six hundred years," was to be done away with, but, "my eldest son, sir," was by means of "the Queen" to be pitchforked on the Bench, and to be promoted over the heads of some of the ablest men that had ever appeared at any Bar. Yes! and "my first cousin," the Tail member who represented the borough of Killycumclash, had a fair chance of Ministerial office, for "shure he's regularly now at the parties at ——— House, and I had a letter the other day in which he described an *iligant* entertainment—oh! faith! it must have been a superb one *intirely*," and you might have heartily laughed at recollecting what a charming specimen of a Hibernian dandy was this "my first cousin," one of the humblest joints of the Tail. But Repeal was dead and buried. "The Queen!—the Queen!" was now the cry, and a

grovelling and unreasoning loyalty to a sovereign had taken the place of a factitious animosity to England. The cue was now to designate as "traitor" every Tory—to get up the cant of loyalty, (for it was little better than a cant in its purposed violence, and its calculating enthusiasm) and seek to blast the reputation of the first men at the Bar, by designating them as "Orange." You could not fail to be amused about the professed apprehension for the Queen's life being in danger, if the Tories should come in, while the real fears of the company were lest the host at the head of the table might not obtain a deputy Lieutenancy, or lest "my eldest son, sir," might not obtain his Judgeship, or "my first cousin" should fail in procuring some situation whose emoluments might enable him to arrest the long gathering wrath of his indignant laundress!

And thus in two evenings, you might have seen in different houses the types of that social character which prevails amongst the "upper classes" of "the two nations." Arrogance—religious bigotry — want of patriotism, or

sympathy with the people, would be very evident in that circle, where "the damned folk at the Castle" were habitually denounced. But to balance those faults would be found—a paramount feeling of personal independence—a good deal of moral courage—considerable refinement—and decided indications of a resolved and self-respecting political character. On the other hand amongst the patrons and promoters of "The Anti-Victoria—being assassinated by the K—— of H——— Registration Society," it required no great discernment to perceive much vulgarity of mind united to clumsy affectation of aristocratic manners—the worst taste in feeling—and expression—almost total ignorance of literature and science—and many of the grovelling tendencies of innate plebeianism. But to compensate for those disagreeable qualities you would witness a real love of fatherland—great generosity upon all subjects not connected with party politics—an abundant display of humour—a genuine spirit of hospitality—with a certain coarse capacity for enthusiasm. In short, despite of its vulgarity, you would probably feel that the lower nation family was entitled to your sympathy, and

perhaps your political patronage, but that, notwithstanding its bigotry, the upper nation family was more deserving of your personal respect, though perhaps calling for your political opposition.

## CHAPTER III.

## LORD NORMANBY AND HIS TIMES.

> "Il ne pensait jamais du lendemain."
> MADAME DU DEFFAND on Charles Fox.

UPON the whole, any reasonable person of any party in Ireland, who will take the trouble to *think* upon the Normanby Administration will admit that its merits have been extravagantly over-rated. And on the other hand any one cognizant of Lord Wellesley's ideas upon the

government of Ireland, (with respect to preserving it from a future rebellion, and identifying it with the Empire,) will admit that Lord Normanby's views were of the shallowest kind. Lord Wellesley all along kept in mind the creation and erection of a liberal interest, favorable to freedom, but *characteristically opposed to licentiousness and to tribunitian vices.* On the other hand during Lord Normanby's Vice Royalty, it was impossible to see any distinction between the Repealers and the *soi-disant* Whigs.

The real Whig party in Ireland was completely broken down from 1835 to 1841. Tail members were put upon a par with men who had grown grey in their support of the principles of rational and constitutional government.

The puffing partizans, and professional adulators of Lord Normanby, when hard driven in argument to state any permanent good be effected, or any lasting consequences he produced, are accustomed to say, "Oh, look at the men he promoted—think of the appointment of Sir Michael O'Loghlen, of Woulfe, of Perrin, &c."

Now how stand the facts with relation to those appointments?

All the Liberals of eminence at the Bar were actually marked down for judicial promotion by Lord Wellesley and Lord Stanley, long before Lord Mulgrave set his foot in Ireland. Even those very three men—O'Loghlen—Woulfe—and Perrin, had received their first honours at the hands of the much abused Lords Anglesey and Stanley. Thus for example in the years 1832 and 1833 Perrin and O'Loghlen were respectively made Serjeants-at-law* over the heads of their Conservative seniors—the Warrens—Bennetts—&c. And again O'Loghlen was made Solicitor-General in 1834 by the Marquis Wellesley.

And further Mr. Woulfe was selected so early as 1832 by Lord Stanley, to fill the important post of Crown Prosecutor on the Munster Circuit. In the debate on the Ad-

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* It is necessary to inform the English reader that in Ireland there are but three Serjeants-at-law, and they are all Crown-Serjeants. They are entitled to rank immediately after the English Crown-Serjeants. In Ireland a Serjeant is an houour of the highest kind, and places a man who has attained it virtually upon a rank with the Judges. It also gives a positive claim to promotion, where it has been held for years, even though its possessor were not a man of much eminence.

dress in 1833, (a debate that can never be forgotten, either by those who took part in it, or were present,) Lord Stanley triumphantly boasted that he had promoted Mr. Woulfe,* whom he panegyrised as "a man honoured by all parties," while amid the cheering of all the Whigs in the House he told Mr. O'Connell, "that the honourable and learned gentleman in that House and elsewhere was in the habit of denouncing the Whig Government for not appointing Catholics to places, but no sooner does a Catholic gentleman accept of an office, than he is immediately branded, and held up to the odium and execration of his countrymen as

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* It was in that extraordinary debate that Mr. MACAULAY (the member for Leeds,) made the House ring with cheers while with great energy of declamation he said, "Though a comparatively young member of the Whig party, I think I can take it on me to speak their sentiments on this head. I therefore undertake to tell the learned gentleman (Mr. O'Connell,) that the same spirit, and moral courage which supported the Whig party when out of office, in their conflicts with bad laws will sustain them in office in their contest with the enemies of good laws. They were not deterred by clamour from making the learned gentleman, not less than a British subject—he may be assured they will never suffer him to be more."

a miscreant and slave, who had basely sold himself to the enemies of his faith and country."

So much for the preposterous assertion that Lord Normanby forsooth was the discriminating Governor who had first discerned the merits of the Woulfes, Perrins, and O'Loghlens. Lords Wellesley and Stanley were most anxious to select Catholics of high talent for promotion, but undoubtedly they would never have sanctioned either in theory or practice the outrageous doctrine that the mere profession of Catholicism was to be recognized as in itself a thing of extraordinary merit. For example they never would have seen any cause why the Catholicism of Mr. Ball should have entitled him to promotion over the head of so great a lawyer as Richard Wilson Greene. Mr. Ball was sent as (Mulgrave) Attorney General into the House of Commons, where he easily attained a right to historical celebrity, as having been the only silent Irish lawyer that ever entered Parliament! Not a word could he speak in debate. *Il avait un grand talent pour le silence!* His political friends tried in vain to cure him of his "*magna libido tacendi.*" As one of his party said of

him—"He must have been called 'Ball' on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle."

Again it is very unlikely that either Lords Wellesley or Stanley would have seen anything in the brilliant (!) careers of the Bradys and Richardses to justify their promotion over the head of so masterly a lawyer as Mr. Greene. The English reader would perhaps wish to be told who was Mr. Greene?

Mr. Richard Wilson Greene (now Solicitor-General for Ireland) is son of the late Sir Jonas Greene, Recorder of Dublin. When on his death-bed Sir Jonas exacted a solemn promise from his sons that they would never become party politicians. He had seen the loss of happiness produced by yielding to the clamourous importunity of Irish partizanship. The present Solicitor-General has studiously through life abstained from wearing party colours, or tying himself to any of the factions that distract Ireland. In College he carried the Science Gold Medal upon answering that extorted the applause of the examiners as well as the able competitors, who disputed the prize. In 1822, Mr. Greene, then a young

man, had the honour of being selected by Plunket to assist in drawing the indictment against the Bottle Riot conspirators. Not being an orator—or a politician—and having suffered severely from ill-health—he did not make the stride in his Profession which might have been expected from his eminent talents and undoubted learning. But after some time he attained to the first rank at the Bar—was repeatedly employed by the Whig Administrations that preceded "The Mulgrave Era"—was Counsel to the Castle for a considerable time, and became a Sergeant-at-Law.

When he was passed over during "The Mulgrave Era," and very inferior lawyers promoted over his head, great surprise was naturally felt. And the only ostensible reason was that the Mulgravizers had set up a yell that Mr. Greene was an Orangeman! An Orangeman! Mr. Richard Wilson Greene, an Orangeman!!

The simple fact was that so far from being an Orangeman—Mr. Greene had been from the very first a zealous member of the National Board of Education! Yes! of that very

board which has incurred the abuse of Orangemen, and the frequent attacks of the Protestant Conservative party. He had consistently stood by it when it was most attacked by the Conservatives, and because he was not a political partizan—because he pursued his own steady course—undeterred by the clamour of the fanatics at either side—Mr. Greene was held up as an Orangeman—and though admitted to stand in the very front rank of the Bar—the Richardses, and the Bradies were placed over his head.

The plain facts on reviewing the Government of Ireland in relation to legal appointments are these, viz.—

Lord Anglesey on landing in Ireland in 1830 (for his second Vice-Royalty) committed a most serious and even flagrant mistake, (described in Part I.,) when he bestowed upon his arrival a Chief Baronship on Joy—a Chief Justiceship on Doherty—and an Attorney-Generalship on Blackburne—thus giving these Chief places to two Tories, and to one indescribable kind of semi-Liberal Tory, qualifying those appointments by the nomination of an amiable but insipid Teetotaler Mr. Crampton. But at the

same time, the Government of Lord Anglesey and Stanley gave the highest honours of the Profession to Messrs. Perrin and O'Loghlen, and conferred eminent distinction on Mr. Woulfe.

Again Lord Wellesley, in nominating O'Loghlen, sufficiently showed his feeling towards the Liberal Bar, and if he had continued Viceroy to 1839 there cannot be the slightest doubt that he would have successively raised to the Bench not merely O'Loghlen, but also Woulfe and Perrin, though there can be no doubt that he would *not* have raised some of the other lawyers that Lord Normanby had elevated to the Bench. He would have kept in view the honour of the Irish Bar, for nothing can more conclusively demonstrate the character of the Mulgravised Bar than the simple fact that from 1835 to 1839, within a space of four years, there were found three lawyers who having been elevated to the high post of Attorney-General, consented to accept of Puisne Judgeships—instead of waiting for Chiefships, according to that wise prescription, which previously obtained, viz.—that no man should be made an Attorney-General,

who was not ready to wait for a Chiefship. To scramble up to the Bench upon any terms was the object of some of these gentlemen.

Let Lord Normanby be tried by the proper tests of ascertaining the merits of an Irish Ruler—viz.—By Men—Measures—and permanent effect, and what will the enquirer find?

First—That Lord Normanby received credit for making the appointments which would certainly have been made by Lords Wellesley and Stanley, or by Mr. Littleton.

Secondly—That he promoted some lawyers whose professional position did not justify their elevation, and who had not brilliant accomplishments to atone for their comparative legal insignificancy.

Thirdly—That he passed over Mr. Greene, who, in the opinion of the whole Irish public, was entitled at the hands of "an impartial Government" to eminent judicial elevation—who had never been a party man—and who was as much the professional superior of Mr. Brady, and Mr. Richards, as Lord Brougham is intellectually above Lord Campbell.

Fourthly—That he cannot lay claim to having originated any comprehensive measures, such as succeeding Cabinets might have adopted and supported. His puffers and partizans may be challenged to name a single great and comprehensive measure of which he was the originator. Let them point to a measure of the same grasp, and public utility as the measure of National Education System, which Lord Stanley, with the cordial concurrence of the high Whig party, had triumphantly established in spite of Protestant and Catholic zealots. Can he exhibit any measure of institutional Reform so extensive as that devised by the Church Temporalities Act of 1833? Or did he erect any permanent and useful body like the Board of Works?

We are told forsooth of his crusade against the Orangemen. Yes! but who was it that struck down the Orangemen by Act of Parliament, and made himself obnoxious to ultra-Protestant clamour? Was it Lord Normanby forsooth?

Again was there anything permanent or lasting in Lord Normanby's system of Administration? Where is there a Normanby party in

Ireland at this day amongst the Irish Whigs? Did he show any farsightedness or sagacity? If so—how? What else were his views than those of dazzling the masses—little knowing that to govern by popularity in Ireland, is in the long run virtually to abdicate authority?

The simple fact was this. The Corn Exchange party, led by O'Connell, was heartily sick of its protracted contest with the united Whig party, and in the end of 1834 was very favourably disposed to the ideas of a truce with the English government. Sir R. Peel was unexpectedly called to power, and that event afforded an excellent opportunity for a junction between the Repealers and Melbourne Whigs in opposition. Of course when O'Connell entered into alliance with the Melbourne Whigs, a popularity was secured for them in Ireland. Before it was ever known who was to be the Whig Lord Lieutenant, the amplest popularity was bespoken for him, and was guaranteed for, with as much confidence on both sides of its being supplied at the proper time, as one would have in ordering refreshments from Gunter's at a certain hour.

That such is the case will be evident to any

one who takes the trouble to consider the exhibition which Lord Normanby made as Secretary for the Colonies. When he was compelled before the Empire to prove his mental qualifications as a Statesman, where were the wonderful talents which his puffers and parasitical partizans had exalted beyond those of the great Wellesley? He succeeded Lord Glenelg in the Colonial office, and in the prime of his life had an opportunity of contrasting favorably with his feeble, but accomplished predecessor. It was one graceful man succeeding another graceful man, and the talents which might have completely eclipsed the debilitated Lord Glenelg were certainly not to be discerned in Lord Normanby, who was soon glad enough to throw the colonial difficulties of the year 1839 upon the vigour, the genuine talents, and masculine resolution of that pride of the Whig party—Lord John Russell. Soon—very soon were the delusions about Lord Normanby's supposed political genius dissipated into air. We never heard again a whisper even from the most enthusiastic of his followers about Lord Normanby being a greater statesman than Lord Wellesley.

Of the delightful and amiable qualities of

Lord Normanby as a *distingué* nobleman there cannot be the slightest doubt. No one ever disputed them, and they have been previously indicated in this work. But the question is as to his Statesmanship?

His popularity in Ireland was very great, but it arose principally from the circumstances of the times—and from the good will and pleasure of the Irish demagogues. It originated in the Corn Exchange—and was supported more by his manners and personal bearing, than by his measures or Statesmanship, and *finally he did not wait for the recoil.* Lord Anglesey had been even *more* enthusiastically flattered during his first administration.

If Mr. Thomas Duncombe had in the year 1835 been raised to the Peerage as Marquis of Finsbury, and if he had been sent over to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, with Drummond as his under-secretary, and Lord John Russell to give him his political cue, he would have produced about the same effects as Lord Normanby. Yes! the Most Noble the Marquis of Finsbury would have delighted the Irish with his fine frank manners—his gaiety—high spirits—and the sprightliness of his nimble wit. His deportment would not have been so

dazzling as Lord Normanby's, but Lord FINSBURY would have made ample amends by giving the oratorical public of Ireland, the agreeable spectacle of a Lord Lieutenant defending his party with much spirited energy and ready talents for debate, if his administration had, like Lord Normanby's, been so unfortunate as to have drifted within battery range of the terrible talents of Lord Brougham.

# CHAPTER IV.

## THOMAS DRUMMOND.

> " During which time that he did remayne,
> His study was true justice how to deale,
> And day and night employed his busy paine,
> How to reform that ragged commonveale."
>
> SPENSER'S Fairy Queene, Book V.

OF the men who in political capacity were associated with Lord Normanby, none more signally obtained the respect, the confidence, and attachment of the wise and discriminating of both parties than the lamented Thomas Drummond. Most assuredly Dublin Castle

never contained an official, who in talents and in zeal—and in the acquirements which constitute (in Bentham's words) "appropriate official aptitude" ever exceeded that excellent person. He was, to speak the plain truth, an admirable Minister, and if he had lived for twenty years, he would have left a surpassing reputation, for intellectual statesmanship—and the successful application of science to politics. As it was, he achieved an amount of good in Ireland, which might have satisfied the ambition of a largely benevolent mind, and he exhibited a noble simplicity of character, united to acquired excellence of deportment, after a fashion, that may constitute him as a model for an Irish Minister.

In contemplating his character as an Irish official, the first quality that presents itself, is his *aptitude* for his particular work. He had not merely those intellectual and moral faculties that would have constituted him a good Minister in any department of British administrative service, but he had peculiarly and in a most striking manner, that assemblage of qualifications most desiderated in one who takes part in the governmental business of Ireland.

Thus for example, in addition to his intellectual powers, he had a remarkable personal character, and in Ireland, it is a thing of the first importance to an official that he should possess *caractère,* because it adds additional moral power to his suggestions—and even conciliates confidence in the success of his proposed measures. Drummond was not merely a man of scientific acquisitions and of great mental powers, but he was also emphatically a MAN. And it was the fact of his possessing a healthy vitality of personal character, in conjunction with rare intellectual endowrments which enabled him to attain the valuable acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the Irish character, not merely in its weakness and absurdity (which he who runs may read), but in its latent grandeur and undeveloped greatness. To perceive the greatness of the Irish character, requires far other qualities, than those of a mere logical understanding, as knowledge of Human Nature in any country can only be acquired by the possession of sympathy and a certain power of imagination.

Quite unlike those scientific officials, who pride themselves in treating men as mere

machines—those professors of a cold and heartless code of morals—who hardly believe in God, and never trust in man—unlike that hateful breed, Thomas Drummond was a man of soul as well as science. Having a heart, as well as a head, he knew well (none better) that there are numberless truths in social science, which must be felt before Philosophy can perceive or apprehend them. When he reflected on Government he thought with all his mind, and with all his powers, and did not by some forced mechanical process, exclude the sympathies and affections from influencing his views. He knew that in order to rule men rightly, that you must be able to feel with them.

But on the other hand, Drummond was not inclined to favour vague sentimentalism or maudlin sympathy. Still less was there aught in his thoroughly musculine character that was prone to give its sympathy to querulous and unnecessary discontent. As he had all the affections, that one looks for in a loveable, so also had he the spirit and energy, which one seeks in a complete man. As he did not belong to the Benthamite school, so neither did he incline to the sentimentalists of the Keepsake

class of Statesmen. He had neither the callous character of a Poor Law Commissioner, or the maudlin sensibility of a mawkish sonnetteer.

It was this rare union of thought and feeling, of a generous nature with a scientific mind, that won for him the mingled admiration and esteem of so many of the best men of the two nations in Ireland. And (let it be again repeated) it was the union of those qualities that also enabled him to acquire his unrivalled knowledge of every class in Ireland. It is possible that he may have been equalled, but he certainly never was surpassed in his knowledge of Irishmen considered in their social relations. Naturally a man of thought and observation, while in the earlier part of his life engaged in the Ordnance Survey, he had abundant opportunities for seeing Irish character in all its native force. Lying on the mountain side at night, in some savage wild of Antrim or Tyrone—with the stars over his head—and no vestiges of civilization in the neighbourhood, he would "draw out" the Irish peasants who came to the Engineer's station

from motives of curiosity, or the hope of chance employment in carrying messages, or rendering any service. No cockney impudence—no sneer of superiority was ever visible in Drummond, as he listened to the vague and melancholy narration of some tale of suffering, in which perhaps the faults of the complaining narrator were as manifest as those of the local tyrant whom he cursed. Unlike most of his companions, Drummond preferred to see the darker and more startling parts of Irish character, rather than its joyousness and levity. The jokes, and the funny stories, and the droll sayings he left to be enjoyed by those who were pleased to think that the Irishman was only a fierce Joe Miller, with a furious brogue. He had an eye for nature, and liked to see the original character of the Irish—its wildness and romance so congenial with the scenery of the Irish Landscape—its dark spirit of brooding over wrong—its savage spirit of revenge for personal injury or insult—its poetical sensibility—and its preference for the illusive and the fanciful over the actual and true. Yes! Drummond liked to see all this with his own eyes, and to ponder on it, as he found this

romantic disposition united with such an exquisite perception for the droll and ridiculous. He saw—he studied—and he felt the Irish character. Yes! again let it be told, that with his genial sympathy, he *felt* the Irish nature.

And so when he came to Ireland as Under-Secretary in 1835, he entered upon the duties of his office, with a better preparation for his task, than any of his predecessors ever exhibited. By nature he had been gifted with a masculine and vigorous intellect which had been sedulously improved by an enlarged and systematic course of scientific training. His understanding was singularly clear, and his knowledge of the various subjects to which he had applied it, was not merely copious in extent, but precise even in minute details. There was in his mental conformation a decided tendency to the inventive and original, which shewed him to be no common man, and preserved him from being *merely* an individual of acquisitions, and nothing more.

After having served the office of Private Secretary to Earl Spencer—after having distinguished himself, almost as much by the schedule calculations of the Reform Bill, as he

had previously done in various branches of science, after having mixed on terms of the friendliest intercourse with the leaders of the Whig party, and acquired a practical knowledge of the arts by which men are governed in these kingdoms, he went to Ireland in the full possession of physical energy, and mental vigour, and with a mind filled with zeal to perform service to Ireland. He believed that Government might effect wonders in Ireland, and he entered upon his duties with a head teeming with projects of reform, and a heart overflowing with affection for the Irish people.

The personal character of that excellent person was truly beautiful. With all his power and knowledge, he was so simple and unaffected, so free from every species of littleness — from vanity and arrogance — from selfishness of every kind, (as well the sort which thirsts for worldly aggrandizement, as that which pines for personal distinction) that it was a perfect treat of the most exquisite enjoyment to participate in sympathy with a character, of which the native excellence was rendered more conspicuous by contrast with the many false and fantastical persons—the

fools and fops of provincial aristocracy, or the menial slaves and professional caterers for political faction, by whom he was occasionally surrounded. There was a species of chivalry in his character, which to those who discerned it, was fascinating. He seemed as a man who would court danger and difficulty with the ardour of a brave spirit that finds its element in encountering the hazard from which other men recoil. He was fervent, and liable to occasional excitement, but he was perfectly free from every sort of ill-humour. Sometimes he was too dogmatic, and a careless observer might have confounded the promptness of his decision, and the frank expression of his sentiments with the dogmatism of a self-opinionated man. But Drummond was always open to conviction, and did thorough justice to any one who, in argument, espoused the opposite views of the question for consideration.

And how few were the faults that might be noted in that excellent character! They are after all mere specks which are manifest only on a minute inspection of his career. He was probably too much the creature of what

may be called a go-a-head feeling. The spirit of his early education for an engineeer clung to him.* "Work—work--work," was always before his mind, and it is not going too far to say that he set a preposterous value on mere toil. Thus for so eminent a man, and so distinguished an official person (enjoying a degree of moral power far greater than the possession of the Under-Secretaryship could confer) he stooped to a quantity of unnecessary drudgery, which he might have safely left for execution to the underlings of office. But this fault was indicative of his ardent and energetic character —of his untiring mind, and his indefatigable zeal in doing what he considered his duty.

If he had taken some of the time which he applied to official routine, and given it occasionally to the consideration of general politics,

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* When the Melbourne Ministry were turned out by King William in 1834, a friend called upon Drummond to give him the intelligence. He was at first astounded upon hearing the news, and was even cast down in spirit, but he soon recovered himself. "What can the Reform party do now?" asked the gentleman who communicated the news to him. "Do, sir!" ejaculated Drummond with great energy. "what must we do, sir? Why, man the guns to be sure."

it would have been serviceable not merely to himself, but to his party. For one thing he had completely lost sight of in his unintermitting exertions—namely, the idea of political power. He appeared totally unconscious that the ground was rapidly breaking beneath the Melbourne Ministry, and he slaved away in his office, as if he had been destined to remain in the Vice Regal department during all his life.

Drummond's views upon the Government of Ireland were marked with the clearness and precision of his mind. First of all he distinctly recognized the unalterable difference between the English and Irish character. He well knew that in Ireland—"*How* to do it?" is as important a consideration as "*What* is to be done?" He therefore employed a different standard of testing the merits of certain lines of conduct from that which he would have exercised in dealing with Englishmen.

He believed that the great thing for the British Goverment to apply itself to in Ireland was the consideration of the vast mass of the people. For schemes of Government he cared little, and it was not the tendency of his mind

to regard politics in that light by which they are regarded by the Statesman, strictly so called. He looked upon Ireland with a practical eye, and thought that a British Ruler need not be over-anxious about future danger from the Irish. He considered that it was impossible to raise a middle class in Ireland, without tranquillity, and that there could not be quiet, unless the people were employed. Hence he was such an advocate of railways upon an extensive plan, because—

1. They would give temporary employment to the peasantry, and drain off some of the competitors for land. 2. By employing the peasantry, the class above them would indirectly profit. 3. A lull would be created in which the social structure would be knit more firmly together. 4. Private Capital would gradually find its way into the country, and employ the labour disengaged on the completion of the Railways.

Notwithstanding all the accusations of Lord Donoughmore and his brother Magistrates of Tipperary, there never was an Irish official, who felt more deeply than Drummond the necessity of executing the laws with vigour.

Although he was thoroughly convinced that the Irish Landlords neglected the duties of property, he was also firmly convinced that the rights of property must be preserved religiously, if civilization is to progress in Ireland. He knew well that "insecurity" is at the bottom of all Irish evils, and that the capitalist is driven from the Irish shores, scared by the fear of expending his funds in a country where people take the law into their own hands from a habit of prescriptive licentiousness. The charges made against Drummond on the score of his being insensible to the importance of putting down with energy the ruffianly assassins of Tipperary, were made without foundation, and were totally unwarrantable.

Never was a public man who had run so short a career, more regretted than Drummond. His English friends in the Whig party, felt that they had lost a noble-minded man, who would be sure to have turned up a trump card in the political world. He had a mind of sufficient reach to grasp a large system of policy, and he knew how to grapple with the difficulties of execution. Indefatigable in labour, observant in spirit, and apprehensive of know-

ledge, he could not have failed to reach one of the foremost stations in political life. His probable success in the House of Commons was oftentimes amongst his friends a subject of discussion. Some said would have been a total failure, for he had not cultivated Parliamentary talents; others said that the energy of his mind and character would have enabled him to triumph in debate, but such adverse opinions were perhaps equally erroneous. Had Drummond lived to enter the House of Commons, he would at first have failed, and even signally so. He would have found it very difficult to suit himself to the House, and to adapt his mind to that particular method of discussion which the House prefers. He would not have been able for a long time to acquire the skill by which a man conveys his knowledge of an intricate question to an assembly so mixed in its character as the House of Commons. But practice and time would have made him an efficient every day debater; he would have been unsurpassed in the labours of Committees, and in the course of a few years he would have amassed an amount of political knowledge, that would have enabled him at any time to com-

mand the ear of the House. Added to this his character for integrity—his personal disinterestedness — and his manly and loveable qualities would have made him most popular amongst the members of both sides—and finally he had the quality that one observes in most great men—viz.—the desire to improve themselves—to extend their acquirements still further—to make their characters still better, and never willingly to relax from the pursuit of a high excellence. Both as a man and as a politician Drummond might have taken for his motto—

> "Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum."

Since the death of Francis Horner, there has been no more untimely decease in the political world than that of Thomas Drummond.

In Ireland, however, what will canonize the memory of that noble character is the fact that he *became an Irishman,* that it to say in love for the Irish people, in enthusiasm about their country, and in a belief in its progress, and destiny to be great and happy—in sympathy with every Irish instinct, and affectionate tole-

ration of every Irish weakness, he had become identified in many respects even with the character of his adopted country. He was really fascinated with Ireland, and loved the social character of the people.

Would that something of his feeling might descend on the utilitarian Whigs—on the cosmopolite officials who think all national feeling is a stupid fault—on the Tory and Whig absentees, and on all those "bad Irishmen" whose first impulse on leaving their native land is to harden their hearts—de-nationalise their characters—and "cut" their country. Such persons ought if possible be made to remember and resemble DRUMMOND!

## CHAPTER V.

## SIR MICHAEL O'LOGHLEN,

(Late Master of the Rolls.)

Justice painted blind,
Infers her ministers are obliged to hear
The cause and truth; the judge determine of it,
And not sway'd, or by favour, or affection,
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.

MASSINGER.

SIR MICHAEL O'LOGHLEN, was a man of such conspicuous excellence of character that it would be wrong in a work of this nature to pass him by without recording his virtues. For doing so in the most effectual manner, the present writer will enrich his pages with the glowing tribute paid to O'Loghlen's memory

by Mr. Serjeant Warren. But first the English reader may require to be told that Mr. Warren is one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Bar, and that as an equity lawyer he has scarcely a superior in the Empire. In politics he is a religious Tory, and the evangelical Conservatives of Dublin are more prone to dwell upon him as a Protestant "Saint," than upon the learning by which he is eminently distinguished. A Protestant Saint is rather an unpopular character in general estimation. "Saints," are generally gloomy—eccentric, and apt to cast a gloom over society. They seldom exhibit a joyous, cheerful piety, and in the excessive development of their religious sympathies they are apt to associate religion with horror. People in Ireland think that when persons are too good for this world that they ought to retire from it altogether, and really the opinion is not unreasonable, for the "Saints," as they are called, have given Protestantism an excessively gloomy tinge in Ireland. Amongst the Catholics things are better managed. Their over pious members are made priests or monks, or nuns, or sisters of charity, and obtain a

regular ecclesiastical license for having their minds occupied with subjects of religious contemplation. Thus, when mixing in the Catholic community, you seldom meet in society with persons who are gloomy—censorious—reserved—and bitter—all through love of God!

In the Irish Protestant community it is far otherwise, because its "Saints" are not drained off into convents, or monasteries. Thus one meets at the Bar every day with Protestants of undoubted forensic talent, who have however mistaken their profession; for though able at the Bar, they would have been "most moving" men in the conventicle. And so in society in Dublin, you play the "serious" game of chess with a young lady, who all the while is thinking of St. Peter, and are expected to be interesting and agreeable in your tea-table talk about the Bible! There is a vast quantity of misbelief amongst the Irish Protestants, and though they are fond of calling the Roman Catholic religion superstitious, they might look at home amongst themselves, and find plenty of superstition at their pious tea parties, and tract associations. So too in

the Medical Profession in Dublin. How often has an invalid made a mistake in Dublin: when he has sent for a physician to treat his ailment, in comes a man whose every second phrase is scriptural, and who appears more interested about the soul than the bodily system of his patient. But human nature is always in extremes, and as in other parts of the empire, the medical profession is too indifferent in matters of religion, so in Dublin the doctors and surgeons go into the opposite excess.

Mr. Serjeant Warren is one of the Dublin "Saints," but unlike most of his body, he allows the character and manners of a gentleman to be paramount over his pious manifestations. He never sickens one with religion, or stupifies you with quotations from Holy Writ. He is a gentlemanly Biblical, and has nothing of the Huguenot Protestant in his composition. He is a descendant of the ancient Cavalier family of Warrene.

It is no wonder that such a man, though a high Tory, and a staunch evangelical Protestant, should have done honour to himself by

pronouncing the following eulogy, on O'Loghlen, who was a Catholic and a Whig Radical. Unlike many obituary notices Mr. Warren's *éloge* on Sir Michael O'Loghlen possesses in addition to its eloquence the rare merit of perfect truth.

At the Bar Meeting to raise a monument to Sir Michael O'Loghlen, Serjeant Warren spake as follows:—

"Entirely concurring in the observations
"which have fallen from my friend who moved
"the first resolution, I might well content
"myself with saying that in every word which
"he uttered I heartily concur. But having
"had much opportunity of appreciating the
"excellence and the worth of the late Sir
"Michael O'Loghlen in his judicial character,
"and having had ample experience of his ex-
"ceeding kindness, I would offer a few obser-
"vations on some of those characteristic traits
"which have convinced me that the great
"qualities, moral and intellectual, requisite for
"the perfection of the judicial character, have
"rarely shone more brightly in any individual

" than in him; and that he was even more dis-
" tinguished by the absence of those infirmities
" which sometimes have impaired the practical
" value of the learning and talent of the bench.
" The paramount object which he ever kept in
" view, was the ensuring to every suitor the
" attainment of his full rights with the least
" possible expense or delay; and acting on
" these principles, and regardless of the labour
" he thereby took upon himself, he never re-
" ferred any matter to another tribunal, when
" he had the materials to enable him to investi-
" gate the subject fully himself; and his clear
" conception of facts, and laborious examination
" of every important document, enabled him
" for the most part to come to a satisfactory
" result in the first instance, and thereby re-
" lieved the suitors from references to the
" masters' offices, which would in many cases
" have absorbed a large portion of the property
" in question. But he did not think it suffici-
" ent to be himself convinced that he had
" arrived at a right conclusion. He felt it to
" be the duty of a judge, as far as was practi-
" cable, to satisfy those against whom he was
" obliged to decide, that whatever merits were

"in their case had been fully and calmly con-
"sidered; and he acted so entirely on this prin-
"ciple, that I am persuaded no suitor ever left
"his court who even imagined that he had a
"cause of complaint in that respect. He
"heard all which counsel thought fit to say
"with such untiring patience and undivided
"attention, as insured its full weight to every
"argument however feebly urged, and to every
"fact however obscurely stated; and the suitor
"who had selected his counsel from amongst
"the youngest at the bar, was sure of having
"his case as fully investigated as if he had the
"most experienced member of the profession
"to advocate his cause. But, while he thus
"availed himself of every light that could be
"thrown upon the subject, and of every sug-
"gestion either of law or fact, which any
"counsel could suggest as justly bearing on the
"case, he as carefully excluded from his view
"every circumstance which did not properly
"belong to it, and every consideration which
"might be calculated unduly to influence his
"judgment. He was one of the numerous
"instances which our profession has supplied,
"of men who have taken an active part in

" politics, at the bar, and in the senate, who
" yet, when elevated to the bench, have been
" remarkable for impartiality and uprightness
" in the discharge of their judicial duties. And
" the late Master of the Rolls was eminently
" so distinguished. He was in truth an upright
" and impartial judge. His anxiety for purity
" and honour in the profession was second only
" to his desire to judge rightly between man
" and man; and he acted on the general prin-
" ciple, that by placing confidence in the
" members of our profession, he adopted the
" best means of insuring that we should
" deserve it, and I know that he was satisfied
" with the result. His unvarying kindness to
" every member of the bar was such, that I do
" not exaggerate when I say, that if a stranger
" entered his court at any moment, he would
" have imagined, as well he might, that what-
" ever individual was addressing the bench was
" a favorite with the judge; and, to a certain
" extent, he would not be mistaken; for he
" felt a lively interest in the professional
" character and welfare of every man amongst
" us. But he had no partialities; he had no
" dislikes. Every individual in his court felt

" the influence of his kindly feelings, and he
" was unrivalled in the powers of exciting
" amongst us those finer feelings of affection
" and respect, which are more congenial to
" domestic intercourse than to the exercise of
" judicial functions; and I think I may say,
" that although we were aware it was a plea-
" sure to him to comply with a request, yet
" there was a very prevalent feeling amongst
" the bar, that it would be ungenerous to en-
" croach on the kindness and forbearance of
" him, who was ever ready to sacrifice his own
" comfort and convenience to that of the
" humblest individual in his court. If he held
" any partiality for any particular class in the
" profession, it was, as it ought to be, to the
" junior portion of the bar; and it was delight-
" ful to witness the kind and considerate
" manner in which he encouraged every young
" man who had occasion to address him, and to
" see the good feeling and tact with which he
" passed unnoticed or excused every little in-
" accuracy and error, and fixed attention upon
" whatever was of value to sustain the applica-
" tion. I am persuaded there is not one
" present, whose grateful feelings will not bring

" to his recollection some instances in which he
" himself has been the object of his generous
" solicitude, and I doubt if there be a young
" man in the profession who has not been a
" sharer in it. Yes, there is one,* and one
" alone—one whose independent spirit, and
" unparalleled delicacy of feeling, would not
" permit him to cross the threshold of his
" father's court, till his competence for business
" had been elsewhere established—one who has
" thus given us the assurance that he will aim
" at the high position of moral as well as legal
" eminence to which his lamented father had so
" justly attained. For myself I may say, that
" it was to me a source of pleasure to be in his
" court, whether I was myself engaged in the
" subject under discussion, enjoying the consci-
" ousness that full weight would be given to
" whatever I might urge worthy of considera-
" tion, and that abundant allowance would be
" made for any error into which I might fall—
" or whether I was personally uninterested in
" what was going forward, and at leisure fully
" to appreciate the admirable resources of his

* Alluding to the present Baronet Sir Colman O'Loghlen.

" well-stored memory of decided cases—his
" quick insight into complicated facts—and his
" thorough knowledge of the great principles
" of equity, which enabled him to vindicate
" the immutable laws of right and wrong, as
" well as the positive institutions of his court,
" and without violating the established rules,
" to administer substantial justice, and effectu-
" ally to repress every effort to evade or defeat
" it."

The professional life of O'Loghlen was not particularly interesting. He was by no means a " brilliant" man, and never made that figure in politics, which concentrates public attention on an individual. Like many other great lawyers his success was in the first instance a matter of accident. He had been originally intended for the medical profession, but Prime Serjeant Fitz Gerald, (father of the late Lord Fitz Gerald and Vesey) happening to meet O'Loghlen, persuaded him to go to the Bar. O'Connell was the first person who noticed O'Loghlen's professional talents, and recommended an attorney to employ him in an ejectment case, in which O'Connell himself was

leading counsel. It so chanced that the cause (Borough *against* O'Keeffe) came before the Court upon the day of the duel between O'Connell and D'Esterre, and O'Loghlen in O'Connell's place was obliged to address the Court, when he eminently distinguished himself.

From that time he rapidly rose at the Bar, and in 1829 his income was little short of seven thousand pounds. For doing the same quantity of business at the English Bar he would probably have received between eleven and twelve thousand pounds.*

O'Loghlen never was an agitator at any period of his life. He was a man of too just a character to lend himself to a populace; he scorned the arts by which plebeian applause can be obtained. He was a Catholic, without a particle of bigotry in his composition, and a Whig, without the least spirit of factiousness. He was held in the highest regard by men of all parties.

The fact that such a man consented to act as

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* See further in this work, some remarks on the emoluments of the English and Irish Bars.

Solicitor-General under Mr. Blackburne, and in support of the government of the Marquis Wellesley in 1834, ought silence the detractors from the merits of the High Whig party. Sir Michael O'Loghlen would have never consented to accept office if he had not held the highest opinion of the Government, and if he had not been convinced of the rectitude of its intentions. And in despite of the fact that O'Loghlen supported Lord Wellesley, there are persons to be found who will maintain that there was no liberalism in the government of Ireland until Lord Normanby came to Ireland. It is certainly very true that there was no element of demagogueism in the administration of Lord Wellesley.

Though not a brilliant man, O'Loghlens possessed abilities which are most useful in Government. He had a clear, cool understanding and excellent honours of lucid exposition. He had also that concentrativeness of mind which enables its possessor to master a subject. His speech in 1836, in moving the second reading of the Irish Municipal Bill was a parliamentary effort of considerable ability. His character in the House of Commons was

very high, and he always spoke closely to a subject. He followed a rule, which it would be very desirable that Hume, and the rest of the bores wonld adopt—viz;—when he had nothing to say, he said nothing. He always shewed excellent judgment in the selection of his matter.

But the moral qualities of O'Loghlen are more worthy of admiration than his abilities, which though not dazzling, were nevertheless considerable. What the present writer always admired in O'Loghlen was the perfect fairness of his mind—his calm indifference to vulgar clamour, whether of Protestant fanatics, or of Catholic bigots; the quiet manliness with which he preserved his mental and political independence, in a state of society, where the shameless hypocrisy of pretended patriotism and the clamorous outcries of interested alarmists — are but too apt to deaden the feelings of individuals, and make them become mere conventionalists, and slavish conformists to one or other of the political factions which distract Ireland. To have had those moral qualities would in any country entitle their possessor to sympathy and respect, but to have

retained them uncontaminated, and to have invariably exhibited them in Ireland of the nineteenth century, ought to make all men revere the memory of O'Loghlen. He gave to his countrymen a shining example of profound learning with real humility — of a religious disposition, untinged by fanaticism, and unpolluted by the hideousness of grovelling superstition. He was a firm and unflinching Liberal, without faction or virulence—an Irishman, without hatreds or antipathies—and lastly a MAN upon whose early grave were shed the tears of those, who in commingling their sorrows felt for the first, (and probably the last) time in their lives a common occasion for the manifestation of congenial sympathy.

Verily, the spectacle of such a man as O'Loghlen growing up in Ireland, and obtaining the respect of all men, is almost sublime from its nearly solitary eminence. He lived in an age of partizanship—of unreasoning fanaticism—of bigotry of spirit—brutality of conduct and speech—an age in which one Irish party with calumny and slander, and the other with clamour and sedition, threw the public mind

into a state of chronic agony, and habitual exasperation. And yet the mild character and strenuous virtue of O'Loghlen were proof against all the feverish elements that have often destroyed the virtues of many men, who like him in the morning of life possessed a spirit of generosity, but who wanting his confirmed love of fair play, have in the evening of their days, sunk beneath the cynicism of old age into querulous and paltry slaves to "the Castle" on the one side, or into the shameless and scurrilous caterers for the populace upon the other.

Yes, while Irish history can record the characters of Avonmore and O'Loghlen—no one need despair of the impossibility of obtaining success in professional life, and the regard of the community, without the degrading conditions which the two Irish parties exact from their supporters. Let those who have taken "fair play," as their leading principle of conduct, strengthen their virtues by the contemplation of such Irishmen as Barry Yelverton (Lord Avonmore) and Michael O'Loghlen. They were two men living in different times, but exhibiting a singular similitude of character. Yelverton lived before the Union, when

the corruption of the Irish Government was at its height, but he was pure and stainless—O'Loghlen was the contemporary of Repeal Associations—of demagogueism in all its forms, but he was no disturber of the public peace. Yelverton was a Protestant, but he was the sincere friend of the oppressed Catholics of the eighteenth century; O'Loghlen was a sincere Catholic, but he was no deadly foe to, or insidious underminer of the Protestant Church of the nineteenth century. They both filled places on the Irish Judicial Bench, but they neither screened the tyranny of the rich, nor crouched before the intimidation of the low.* They were both Irish in their

* A leading member of the Whig party, a noble Earl possessing vast estates in the County of ——, refused to grant a site for a Protestant School House, because the clergyman would not permit the children to attend the National School. The clergyman was forced to erect a School House in the churchyard, as he could get no other site, but proceedings were immediately taken against him for encroaching on the public property. The whole case came before O'Loghlen, wherein he read a memorable lesson on the rights of conscience to the haughty Whig Peer. The dignity and force of his noble rebuke were never equalled; without uttering any thing extra

characters and affections, but they exhibited the softer and more loveable, rather than the fiercer and more brilliant qualities of their country. They were both men in whom the ethical feeling was superior to every other. Mild but steady patriots—lovers of the Constitution, but not blind to its blemishes, they had a rational regard for prescription, without any timorous prejudice against innovation. They had each of them a love for reality, and unlike most Irishmen, they did not weaken their intellectual powers by living constantly in mental illusion. Neither of them were philosophers in the sense that word is received in at Edinburgh—or Berlin, but they had good powers for observing actual life, and they availed themselves of their knowledge so acquired. Thus their respective political parties placed great confidence in their judgment and discriminating common sense. O'Loghlen was the more learned of the two,

judicial he gave an effective expression to the sentiments of religious toleration. The spectacle of a Roman Catholic Judge casting his judicial ægis over a Protestant clergyman and rescuing him from the wrath of a Protestant Whig Peer, produced great effect in Ireland.

and had superior judicial powers, but Yelverton was the more eloquent, and possessed more political talents. With their professional ability, they combined so many personal virtues, and so much political moderation and justness of views, that they may be classed together as the best specimens of the rarest class of public characters to be met with in Irish history since 1688.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE EBRINGTON VICE ROYALTY.

> " Oh ! fie! fie! Doctor Ebrington !
> Oh! where is Doctor Solomon ?"
>
> CANNING.

IN the miserable position which the Ebrington Government occupied during its brief continuance—any member of the Irish Whig party might have seen much retribution for the gross injustice which had been rendered to the Wellesley Whigs, as also to those who had supported Lord Stanley as well in his bold attempts

to annihilate Orangeism—reform the Church without destroying it—and develop the country generally through the influences of education and material improvements—as in his equally meritorious attempts to paralyze the agrarian assassins who had murdered unavenged a hundred and ninety-six individuals—comprising squires, clergymen, and peasants, all in the space of one year!

When Lord Mulgrave had come to Ireland, and had leagued himself with the Corn Exchange party, what a triumphant air did the Mulgravizers exhibit towards the supporters of that short-sighted Statesman—the ignorant Lord Wellesley! and that feeble young nobleman Lord Stanley! The upholders of "the Lichfield House Compact," carried themselves most jauntily, and with conceited ignorance prattled about the inestimable qualifications of Lord Mulgrave as a Statesman. "One of the first men of the age." "Lord Mulgrave no doubt is the most rising genius of the day." "Oh! sir, there's no man at all like him." "Pooh! the Marquess Wellesley was a blind old fool to this man." "Wisha! By Gor! may be he'd as give us the Repale!" "Och!

bad luck to his inimies, shure we know that his Honour's motto is 'Ireland and her rights, or the world is in a blaze." And then in addition to the chorus of the Castle Whigs *a la Mulgrave*, some shabby fellows who had grown rich on the patronage of Lord Anglesey would curse their former friend, and spout forth some rhapsodical *blarney* about "the *janius* of this farfamed littherarury Lord-*Liftinnant*." And then some vaunting Mulgrave Whiglings would mince their small enthusiasm about "The man of the time!" meaning poor Lord Normanby! And then some Protestant barrister who had never been known for his attachment to Liberal principles of any kind — perchance some creature who had actually refused to sign a petition for Catholic Emancipation would burst forth in a strain of rhetoric run mad about "the genuine virtue of the mighty man blazing even brighter than the wondrous radiance of his illuminating intellect!!!" and so on. Even down to the lowest of the Whig "pisantry," for the peasantry were to all intents and purposes as good "Whigs" as the people who inflamed their passions—and invoked all prejudices, religious and political in their aid—the cry was about the immortal Lord Normanby.

Alas! poor gentlemen! little did the Normanbyites (for politically speaking they did not come under the category of Whigs) imagine that their showy leader was actually digging a pitfall for the constitutional party of Ireland—that he was cutting the ground from under everything that was stable and governmental in the Liberal party, and substituting all that was democratic and unsteady. Little did those simple gentlemen perceive that upon Normanby principles it would be impossible to have a government system at all in Ireland. Some indeed! (they were a far-sighted few) supported him as means to an end—but such an end!! Little did the *soi-disant* Whigs who supported Lord Normanby perceive that they themselves would presently come in for a large share of the fierce abuse of the Irish Democracy. Little did they imagine that they would become as unpopular as the Wellesley-Stanley Whigs, but unlike those steady adherents to the true principles of Constitutional freedom—that they would also be utterly powerless and contemptible. The Wellesley Whigs may have been unpopular, but they never were despised.

But so it was. After having been cheered enough to gratify his love of applause—after having acted the part of Lord-Lieutenant to the delight of all the Mulgravizers—Lord Normanby returned to England. Perhaps! to do him simple justice, he was rather nauseated, just as a greedy and giddy child at first sips treacle with avidity, but afterwards unaffectedly turns from it with disgust. He found that he could not possibly become more "popular." Accordingly "the rising genius of the age"—"the immortal Normanby" was very glad to depart for England after four years of what may be called *hullabulloo* popularity in Ireland.

So utterly reduced were the (Melbourne) Whigs in point of strength, that they found considerable difficulty in procuring a successor to Lord Normanby. By their studious severance from all that was dignified—intellectual, and constitutional amongst the Grey Whigs, and their coalition with the Parliamentary Radicals—they had dis-entitled themselves to the effective support in the hour of need from those who had really at heart the honor and *permanent* interests of the true Whig party. It has often been said (as the present writer thinks

most unjustly) that the Whig party is a faction, but there can be little doubt that the Melbourne Whigs were only the fragment of a faction, or perhaps they may be more accurately described as the remnants of various factions—colleagues of Castlereagh, and Lord Grey—old opponents of Reform, and favourers of the Ballot, being mingled together in a singular piece of political patchwork. They knew not where to look for a Lord Lieutenant amongst their wasted party, and some of them were bold enough to suggest the idea of creating a popular commoner a peer specially for the occasion. Indeed, as things were, they were obliged to put up with a Lord by courtesy, and they were glad enough to get out of their dilemma by availing themselves of the well intentioned services of the compliant and good-natured Lord Ebrington.

From the earlier part of his life Lord Ebrington was a Whig, one of Brooke's conventional Whigs, with much respect for whatever was traditional in the party, and not devoid of the intellect required for apprehending whatever is progressive in its principles.

In his personal character, amiability predominated over his other qualities, and cherishing

the generous prejudice that liberalism and *bònhommie* should never be separated, he was perhaps more fitted for esteem as a good, rather than for admiration as a great character.

> "——A statesman, all civility,
> Whom moderate talents raise to fame."

In short he was an excellent specimen of a Whig country gentleman, for he belonged to that order of society by his *caractère,* though by his position and descent he was superior to it. He had certainly considerably more than the average ability of English country gentlemen, and with his plain unpretending character, his throughly English disposition, and his high feelings of independence, was a very good House of Commons man. He had nothing of the snarling Whig in his disposition, but he could at fitting times *bow-wow* (as the late Lord Stowell would say) for his party with very tolerable energy. Indeed he had been once very wittily described as the "Newfoundland dog of his party, and when it is sinking it is only to cry, 'Hie in boy—fetch it out'!" Then he bounces in with a great splash, and drags the sinking object to land. Then he runs up and down wagging his tail, and every body pats his head, and says, "Fine fellow," and one hears

no more of him until the Ministry tumbles in again, when the same act of grace is performed."

To bring the Whig party in Ireland back again to *terra firma* was a task far above the diving powers of Lord Ebrington—however practised in political "plunging"* he might have been. When he arrived in Ireland the (Melbourne) Whig party was drifting upon a current that ran with great rapidity and force, for the Repeal torrent had broken down the flimsy barriers which had appeared to contain it securely, and the rumblings of agitation were again heard throughout the land. Nor indeed was it much to be wondered at—for the unhappy peasantry had in the first instance been told that they were going to get the Repeal, and that their country was on the very eve of a glorious regeneration. In the next instance the promise was not broken, but, as it were, procrastinated in performance, and the Mulgrave Government was held up to them as the

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* They (Sir R. Peel and colleagues) must plunge vigorously for the country.

TIMES, on Irish Politics.

precursor of everything that was useful in reality and delightful in imagination. Not indeed that they were directly told that Lord Mulgrave was to give them the Repeal—such bad policy was not to be expected from the machiavelian directors of the popular prejudices, but the same fanaticism and Irish enthusiasm were invoked for the purpose of keeping a fragment of the Whig party in power—for the giving places to a few Normanby lawyers, as if "Repeal" itself had been the real object of the (Melbourne) Whig agitators of Ireland.

But the danger of dallying with agitation as a means of governing Ireland, became at last apparent to the slowly opened eyes of the (Melbourne) Whigs. Whether the new agitation for Repeal, commencing in the end of 1839, was more or less earnest in its character than the preceding cries of the same sort, need not be investigated. It is true that the partizans of the Normanby *regime*, who supported Lord Ebrington, asserted that this renewed agitation for Repeal, was merely got up for the purpose of keeping out the Tories. By their own confession they returned to the radical and apparently incurable vice of Irish Statesmanship — they adopted a

make-believe policy. "Hah! how will you manage *that*," (meaning the new agitation) cried the *soi disant* Whigs to the Tories, as they chuckled over the resumed vitality of the Corn Exchangers, and exulted over the masterly *coup d'etat* of the "Bed-chamber business," by means of which an exhausted administration obtained a respite from dismissal, and by which for mere personal interests the name of Whig was injured throughout the country, from the abjectness of spirit, exhibited by those who could consent to retain office, by clinging to the skirts of a youthful Queen. If the grandest measures of Irish Social Reform had been carried in the Legislature, the (Melbourne) Whigs of Ireland could not possibly have shewn more joy than when they were able to exclude the Tories upon "a mere question of mop-sticks and water-closets." When however they came across any of the Wellesley Whigs their elated spirits were apt to sink, on being questioned on the delicate point as to how the real Repealers were to be managed?

And it was no wonder that they should have felt uneasy, as the accounts came tumbling in from the provinces, one after

another of repeal meetings, and of the unmistakeable delight with which the people rushed again to shout and hurrah for the repeal of the accursed union. They had found themselves not much the better in anywise for "the Mulgrave Era."

They doubtless had some gratification in seeing a few Orangemen put out of place, and they at first much enjoyed the discomfiture of all the Irish gentry, when the agitators were taken into the confidence of the representatives of the royal power. They had taken no small enjoyment in yelling, "The Queen—the Queen," into the ears of people who had never been suspected of disloyalty, but whose fault was to have erred rather in the opposite extreme. "Hah! who are the traitors now?" they cried as they pointed to the flaming placards in which the celebrated letter from Lord J. Russell to Lord Normanby was printed in staring capitals.

The people had enjoyed all this sort of thing very well for a while, but they soon began to tire of such unsatisfactory pleasure. In short they found that nothing substantial was doing for them, that there were great cries about Corporation

Reforms, Precursor Societies — and "the Queen." Indeed, they found her Majesty's name tacked to every thing that was set a going, and with their native humour they thought it a capital thing to shout for "The Queen and the Repale." In short they were exceedingly glad to be hallooing again for "the Repale" from which they had formerly been promised such wonders.

The Ebrington courtiers however would have wished matters otherwise, they by no means liked the symptom of unequivocal gratification which the peasantry exhibited in the renewal of the agitation. There are not wanting, also, reasons for thinking that the most experienced amongst the agitators were rather startled at the readiness, with which the people again caught at the bare idea of Repeal, and the most far sighted and interested amongst the Corn Exchangers, saw very clearly that unless they plunged violently again into the agitation, that some bolder spirits would seek for mastery over the popular mind. The Dublin Press also was beginning to prove that some new agitators were making their calculations as to how the Repeal was to be carried out. In short the

party since known as "Young Ireland," began to give very audible (and readable) manifestations of its existence. And the appearance in various directions of able and studied dissertations on the military resources of Ireland—on the best means of using physical force against England—on the foreign policy of Ireland—on gratitude to France for her historical services to Ireland, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and good will towards America for her probable alliance in the coming age—sufficiently roused the attention of all parties to the state of affairs.

Let it be recollected that in their silly exultation the Mulgravizers had boasted of having settled Repeal—and that their idol, Lord Normanby, had for all the qualities of a Statesman been exalted beyond Lord Wellesley!

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At length matters came to require some declaration from the Government. Some of its more cautious supporters had abstained from giving in their adhesion to this new agitation; but others who had been wearied in hope,

thought that they might as well take a part in it. Many there were, who possessed of none of the solid or shining abilities that obtain professional or social success, considered that as they were doing nothing at the Bar, nothing to make a reputation in any pursuit demanding vigour of character, or brilliancy of intellect; they might as well by way of speculation and variety, try and do a little in agitation. Nor did they suppose that Government would make it any charge against them, in case some of their "honorable *frinds*" might "be able to have a chance" of getting them something from "the despicable do-nothing Whigs" (Melbourne Whigs) whom they so vehemently denounced.

It was not without many qualms that the (Melbourne) Whig Government determined at last to confront the agitation for Repeal. They well knew that the remains of the hollow popularity which they had previously acquired, by catering to agitation, would be taken from them on their announcement of their hostility to Repeal. But what could they do? It was all very pleasant for them to have boasted of their superiority as Irish Ministers

to the Wellesleys and the Stanleys—all that was mighty pleasant while the agitators were puffing them, but alas! when those same agitators turned against them, what were they to do? Were they to proclaim down the meetings—or to employ any legal means for the repression of the Agitation?

They resolved to try the effect of withholding the Government supplies from the Repealers. Lord Ebrington in very plain and unequivocal language proclaimed that no one taking part in the Repeal Agitation could expect any patronage at the Castle.

This announcement produced very different feelings amongst various portions of the community. First, the Tories were delighted that the Government had spoken out at last, and had given the authority of Administration to the doctrine that the Repealers were not in the right. Secondly, the Whigs—that is the Normanbyites and the Ebringtonians—were in no small tribulation as to the consequences of that announcement. They knew not which of their friends to favour—whether they should cant with the current of Repeal, or dangle at the deserted Levees of Lord Ebrington. They

sighed for Normanby back again—as if the author of "Matilda" would have been incautious enough to have assumed the Vice Royalty for a second time, on the breaking down of the very system which he himself had set in motion, and with the example of Lord Anglesey before him—of that ill-treated Lord Anglesey who had once been the idol of the Irish Agitators, and afterwards the object of their unjust and ferocious hostility. Thirdly, the Repealers were in great delight. They said that it would give the finishing stroke to (Melbourne) Whig "Humbug," and wash away the gilding from their gingerbread Administration. They saw in it, the declaration that the much-be-praised (Melbourne) Whigs were just as much opposed to Irish nationality as the Conservatives, and they calculated that the democracy of Ireland would henceforward think of nothing but Repeal.

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Since that time it has oftentimes been a matter of dispute between Tory and Whig partizans as to what was the real importance of

the agitation for Repeal commencing under Lord Ebrington's Vice Royalty. The (Melbourne) Whigs very glibly say—"pooh! it was nothing—it was merely make believe to keep out the Tories." Truly if such had been the case, the (Melbourne) Whigs adopted a very extraordinary policy towards it when they were in office. The present writer will not trouble the reader with the wearisome details of the meetings for Repeal that were then held—he will merely bring forward a fact which will show the importance assigned by Lord Ebrington to that movement.

In the year 1840 Mr. Roche of Trabolgan stood first on the List for serving the office of High-Sheriff of the County Cork. He was a gentleman of very large property, and the representative of one of the oldest families in Ireland. In 1832, he had been identified with the political party which upset the Irish Whigs, and introduced Messrs. Fergus O'Connor and Standish Barry into Parliament, (Vide Part I.) From that time to 1840 he had taken no part in politics, and lived in comparative retirement. His son, Mr. Edmund Burke Roche, became Member for the County, without in any wise

committing himself to the Repeal Question, but in 1839 he voluntarily proclaimed his adherence to Repeal principles. His father however took no part whatever in politics, and in general opinion, he was believed to be an anti-Repealer.

A few weeks before the time came for his entering on the office of High-Sheriff, a complaint was made to the Castle that Mr. Roche was a Repealer. Many, however, very reasonably thought that the (Melbourne) Whigs, after having been kept in their places for some years by the votes of Repealers, would not make it any great charge against so respectable a gentleman—as Mr. Roche, that he held opinions similar to a large body of their parliamentary supporters. They thought besides that even if Mr. Roche, senior, were a Repealer, still he was not a partizan—he did not agitate the question—or openly lend the sanction of his name and his high rank to the movement—and that on those grounds Government would allow him to be High-Sheriff for the County. But they were utterly mistaken. Lord Ebrington was too much alive to the danger apprehended from the Repeal movement. A correspondence

took place between the Government and Mr. Roche, in which the latter questioned the right of the Government to make inquisitorial demands into his speculative opinions upon political questions, and refused to give any information to the Government upon the point in question. For eight years he had not been heard of in politics, in which he had not mingled further, than taking part in some of the ordinary proceedings at the election of his son.

In that state of the case the Government had no evidence against Mr. Roche of being a Repealer. But a Tory official, who it was believed had personal grounds of hostility to Mr. Roche's appointment, furnished the Government with some proof that in the first agitation for Repeal during the years 1831 and 1832, Mr. Roche had been mixed up, and identified with the Repealers—whereupon the Ebrington Government immediately removed Mr. Roche's name from the list of Irish Sheriffs.

This act added considerably to the unpopularity of the Ebrington Vice Royalty. For Mr. Roche was much respected in the South of

Ireland, and being connected with the ultra Liberal party, his appointment would have given much satisfaction "to the masses." But even then in 1840—1 the (Melbourne) Whig Government was alive to the danger of the agitation which was springing up under their very eyes. And though at that time the agitation had not reached its height—though there were no monster meetings, and no proceedings of the same formidable character as were witnessed in 1843—the (Melbourne) Whigs set the example of not placing confidence in, or conferring the honours of the Crown upon any one who sided with the Repealers.

It will of course be very evident to the reader, that Lord Ebrington would never have refused the shrievalty to Mr. Roche, unless the Government had deemed the agitation to be dangerous to the peace of the country, and as such requiring the open discouragement of the ruling powers. Mr. Roche's son had for four years in critical times supported the Melbourne Whigs by his votes in Parliament. Even after he had avowed his adherence to the Repeal cause, he continued to vote with the Government. The fact therefore of the honourable

gentleman's father being refused the shrievalty of his native county, in which he had most extensive estates, is of itself sufficient to show that the Repeal cause, even under the boasted Government of the (Melbourne) Whigs, progressed with considerable energy.

It would be wrong however to suppose that the Ebrington Government was detested. It was distrusted and despised rather than detested or abhorred. It had not sufficient energy to cause (even by antagonism) any strong public sensations, either against it or in its favour. If it was feeble and powerless—it was also amiable and well-meaning. It wanted vigour of character, and was besides almost totally deficient in political skill. The death of the lamented Drummond was a loss which it never recovered.

And after all Lord Fortescue is not to be blamed for the state of Ireland during his feeble administration. A system of Government had been set up in Ireland in 1835, upon what might be termed suicidal principles. Not to aim at securing the support of whatever is fairly entitled to be called *a public*, but rather to seek at winning a *plebeian* popularity, appeared to be the object of the ridiculously over-

rated Vice Royalty, which had been appointed upon the accession of Lord Melbourne to office in 1835. The French Revolution sufficiently shows that when the controlling power called "Government" seeks to vie in plebeian popularity with the vague—reckless and irresponsible authority of demagogueism—the very success of its endeavours becomes the cause of its ultimate downfal. It familiarizes the popular mind with a standard of right, by which no government can be tried for a course of consecutive years. In appealing to popular passions for aid—it invokes its own natural antagonist, and like an actor who over does his part in seeking to win the applause of the spectators, it runs the danger of provoking censure that will interrupt its most praiseworthy efforts.

And such was the fault of Lord Normanby's Statesmanship, (if such it is to be called.) His Vice Regal Administration adopted what might be termed the ethics of a theatre—

> "The drama's laws—the drama's patrons give,
> For they who live to please, must please to live."

But no Ministry can make "to please" its car-

dinal object. A Government has necessarily to check—control— and resist popular inclinations wherever prudence shows that compliance is attended with hazard. Such functions are inconsistent with the object "to please." The greatest and best Statesmen that the world has ever seen have never made "to please" the main end of their political existence. What is reasonable, and not what is pleasing—what is wise, and not what is popular—are the objects of a true statesman's ambition.

Any one even of ordinary foresight might have foreseen that the Normanby system would have been attended with a remarkable recoil. That such was the case, no man has a better right to know than Lord Fortescue. The very moment that it became necessary for his Government "to live" without showing that its sole aim was "to please," the whole Normanby *regime* was knocked to pieces.

Lord Ebrington's Vice Royalty is not on the whole obnoxious to censure on the score of its unpopularity, which it had not done much to provoke. It had merely tried to compel its Irish patient, (not the patient Irish!) to give up the use of some very pleasing, but rather

injurious stimulants. With laudable ardour it sought to coax the Irish into political teetotalism—to forswear the O'Connell double-distilled, and sip the mawkish Ebrington beverage. The previous Vice Regal physician had puffed —bloated—and pampered the patient, and given it most erroneous notions of its constitutional strength and capacity. When Doctor Ebrington insisted upon studious abstinence from all exciting diet, the poor patient got annoyed and irritable, and after dear Doctor Normanby's delightful drams, and highly spiced cordials, it was so unpalatable to drink the goat's milk even of a Melbourne Ministry! Then the patient threatened resistance, and poor Doctor Ebrington got nervous lest he should be obliged to use the lancet, which branch of practice he felt extreme distaste for, even when necessary. As his advice was not followed, and as he saw that strong measures would probably be resorted to, he was delighted at getting out of the scrape, and at the chance of the hateful operation of bleeding being left to Surgeon De Grey.

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This might be the proper place to comment on the extraordinary act which took place at the termination of the Ebrington Vice Royalty—the dismissal of Lord Plunket from the Irish Chancellorship; but unless the English reader previously understood the relation which Plunket held to "Ireland and the Irish," he could not properly estimate the reckless insolence which some, and the gross ignorance of Irish feelings of the purest and noblest kind, which all the (Melbourne) Whigs exhibited on that occasion.

## CHAPTER VII.

### PLUNKET.

"——Long enough his country's pride,
Is now no moie than Tully or than Hyde."

If not personally the most remarkable, or the most famous man, to whom the reader's attention has been directed in this work, it is quite certain that none of the public characters described by the author (not even excepting Lord Wellesley or Daniel O'Connell) exceeded

in natural vigour, or mental resources the far-famed orator Lord Plunket, a man to whose character and career it is by no means easy to render justice, for Plunket remained aloof from many of the common sympathies of politicians; and though none of his countrymen, since the union, played a more splendid part in public life, yet there is not one man in Irish history since 1688, about whose public merits there is a more remarkable diversity of opinion amongst Irishmen of all parties. In truth, to understand Lord Plunket requires a very dispassionate observation of his career.

Lord Plunket was born in the County of Fermanagh, in 1766. His father was a "Presbyterian," but in reality a Unitarian Clergyman, and for many years the officiating minister of a well known Unitarian, or as they equivocally style themselves "Presbyterian" congregation at Strand Street in Dublin. Dying without wealth, it was always understood (but there is some uncertainty on the point) that the congregation subscribed a sum of money for the education of the younger portion of his family. There are many details still told in Dublin society of the difficulties which the

Plunket family had to encounter. But of those difficulties as they are not authenticated and irrelevant, nothing need be said here, further than that young Plunket was compelled even from the outset of his life to look to himself alone for the means of worldly success.

Indeed reference would not be made here to those difficulties, but for the special purpose of enhancing the merits of Plunket, and for the object of stating a fact (not generally known) which speaks volumes for the nature of Lord Plunket. A very few years since, a worthy clergyman attached to the Strand Street Chapel, died leaving an amiable family without requisite worldly provision. To the fund raised for their assistance, Plunket contributed the munificent sum of five hundred pounds.

He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1780, and it may be remarked that the education of Bushe and Plunket at the Irish University did much in many respects to localize their affections. During the last century (and as is still the case) Irishmen of consideration generally sought the English universities. Grattan himself graduated at Oxford, and there can be little doubt that during his

youth he acquired an affection for England, which though it in no wise diminished the ardour of his enthusiasm for Ireland, still often influenced his views, and embarrassed his Irish statesmanship.*

Amongst the fellow students with Plunket was the late Archbishop Magee, who was a son of a strolling player, and was a native of the same part of Ireland from which Plunket came, and notwithstanding the difference of their opinions on politics, they continued friends to the time of the Archbishop's decease.

From his first entrance to College, Plunket gave decisive proofs of his great talents. He carried a scholarship with great ease, and was first amongst the first in the Historical Society, his ablest and most formidable rival being Charles, afterwards Chief Justice Bushe. He manifested powers from which any one might have predicted his success at the Bar, to which he was called in the year 1788.

In those times Plunket was what may be

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* Even the late Baron Smith graduated at Oxford, where he was introduced by Lord Wellesley.

termed a Northern Whig—a sort of politician which it is better to describe, for the Northern Whigs of Ireland held very different opinions on the Constitution from those which have been expounded by the true leaders of the great Imperial Whig party. They were an anomalous race of politicians who, while affecting to admire the British Constitution, were composed of Republicans—sympathisers with Washington and the Americans—and ultra Reformers. They were what in modern times would be called Radicals, and were the creatures of a great many prejudices.

Even their piety had something sour or repulsive—their religion was rational rather than devotional—they had in their opinions much that was Republican and sour, and their political temper was not very congenial with the spirit of the English Whigs. In fact they were a political sect, and like all sects (whether political or religious) wanted Catholicity of feeling and perception. Their political opinions had little grandeur of outline, and not much sentiment, and they were as conceited and self-opinionated as the modern philosophical Radicals.

Still they were not cosmopolites. They had

distinctly impressed upon them the charm of local colour, and bore very strong marks of their nativity. Their blood was far hotter than that of Englishmen, and they had an *Erin go bragh* feeling, which contrasted strangely with their religious opinions and Protestant dissenter prejudices. In their language and tastes they were very Irish, and mixed metaphors, and invented tropes with more than Milesian facility. Indeed to them belongs the honour of having baptised green Ireland by the poetical title of "The Emerald Isle."*

One thing, however, must be stated in favour of the Northern Whigs, they were probably the most respectable of all the popular parties that have ever been formed in Ireland. They had a great deal of *morale*—were always steady—consistent—and firm to their colours. They were suspicious of cajolery, and a mere demagogue would have had little chance of obtain-

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* Dr. Dreman who was one of the Northern Whigs, and subsequently became a united Irishman, was the author of the poem in which Ireland is for the first time called "The Emerald Isle." He was a gentleman of considerable talents, and was one of the ornaments of his party.

ing power amongst them. If there was much in their composition that was cynical and bitter it was atoned for by the presence of much also that was resolute and bold. There was decidedly a more permanent spring of political virtue amongst the Northern Whigs than amongst any other of the Irish political parties.

Such was the school of politics, which in his earlier days tinctured Plunket with a good deal of its peculiarity. Of course its prejudices were very considerably modified as they passed through a highly exercised understanding like Plunket's—which had been disciplined by the wholesome and chastening process of a university education. Through all his life he has retained the austerity without exhibiting any of the fanaticism of the Northern Whigs.

In 1793 (and thereabouts) there was much political excitement in Ireland. A vast number of persons supposed it possible to obtain a Parliamentary Reform. Lord Castlereagh had not long before been pledged to the measure, but he changed his views on the ostensible ground

that Parliamentary Reform in Ireland, after the concession of votes to the Roman Catholics was essentially a different thing from Reform, when the Protestant community alone enjoyed political privileges. Whether this distinction were a mere pretence on the part of Lord Castlereagh or not, need not be investigated here; but it is certain that a vast number of persons, otherwise liberally inclined, concurred with him. The English reader may be reminded that even Henry Flood, the ultra-advocate of Irish nationality, who went beyond Grattan himself in opposition to England, was (very unlike the illustrious Grattan) a steadfast opposer of the claims of the Catholics.

In fact in those times there were many high friends to a haughty principle of liberty, who scorned to notice the degraded and despised Catholics, and had no respect for their persons, just as now there are very many friends to Irish regeneration who look with envious eyes on the property of the Protestants. Such are the ups and downs in Irish politics within fifty years!

Plunket was a Whig in his early life, with

more or less feeling in favor of Irish Parliamentary Reform, but his Liberalism tended more to giving privileges to the Roman Catholics, than conferring very popular franchises upon the Protestants. He had also very much Irish feeling, and soon attracted the notice of Lord Charlemont, under whose auspices he was returned to the Irish House of Commons. Nor did he long continue undistinguished in the Irish Parliament, where a fine field was open to his powers, in consequence of the temporary secession of Henry Grattan, who unfortunately imitated the bad example set by the English Whigs, who followed Charles Fox. Plunket soon obtained great attention by the energy and force of his declamation, as well as by the cogent powers of argument he signally displayed. His speeches on the Union Question are splendid specimens of the best kind of Irish oratory. In form and in rhetorical structure they may be considered perfect. They have all the vehemence—fire—and rapid movement characteristic of the Irish school, and there is a total absence of incongruous imagery—of tasteless and puerile ornament. They are also eminently remarkable for force of

thought and transparent clearness of reasoning. They may defy the critic, who will be baffled in trying to indicate their faults. For correct brilliancy and argumentative energy they have never been surpassed.

The very phrase now employed "correct brilliancy," (a thing so prized by the critics) suggests the order of composition, under which Plunket's great orations may be classed. There are many who think that splendid—and dazzling though they were—his speeches with all their correctness of style, and absence of all critical faults, are not equal to the extraordinary effusions of Henry Grattan with their many errors against correct rules of composition. Unquestionably Plunket in English estimation surpassed Grattan in the House of Commons, but on a contrast between the best speeches of Plunket in St. Stephens, and the best delivered by Grattan in the Irish House of Commons, the palm of superior genius would by many be accorded to Grattan. But the truth is that the difference between these two great orators was not so much in style or taste as between their personal characters.

Grattan was the orator of nature and inspi-

ration, deriving his fire from the inward and poetical feelings of his mind; Plunket was the orator of reason and demonstration, enhancing his original powers with the acquirements of a logician. Grattan was creative in thought, and an incendiary when he spoke to the passions; Plunket was ratiocinative, and aimed principally at mastering the convictions. One was original—startling—and sublime in his views; the other was powerful—conclusive—and unanswerable in his arguments. Grattan's eloquence teemed with abundance of beautiful imagery, frequently disfigured by the presence of weeds of the rankest rhetoric; Plunket's speeches were sparing in metaphor, and never violated a single principle of fastidious taste. The first spoke always as a statesman, and never as a mere gladiator; the other spoke often as an advocate, but frequently as a statesman. Grattan's orations abounded in deep thought—in meditation—and philosophy—but the demonstrative rather than the reflective was the general character of Plunket's eloquence. Nearly all the human sympathies were addressed by Grattan; of the existence of some of them Plunket seemed unconscious. Grattan spoke both from his heart

and head—he was a poet with the acquisitions of a philosopher; Plunket almost invariably reasoned from his head alone, and seldom gave way to emotions; he was the trained orator, often times excited by the spirit of what may be called a cautious patriotism. There is a romantic ardour of passion in Grattan, which Plunket never exhibited, but on the other hand there is a sustained logic in Plunket's orations, that is frequently wanted in those of Grattan.

All the mere critics would probably vote that Plunket surpassed Grattan, but poets and philosophers will not so decide. And signal as have been the compliments lavished on Plunket by such men as Mackintosh—Lord Dudley—Sir R. Peel, and others, even if his own speeches had been lost, the testimony of Charles Fox—Edmund Burke—Curran—Pitt, and Plunket himself would enable posterity to conceive the height to which Grattan soared. In a word in Henry Grattan's nature, the man was far grander than the orator, while in Plunket's the orator was greater than the man himself. As characters in history no one could institute a comparison between

Grattan and Plunket; but considering them as orators alone, all that can finally be said of them is, that with all his obvious faults, Grattan is the more magnificent and sublime, but that Plunket is beyond all comparison the superior model as a master of style.

The political life of Plunket naturally divides itself into four parts.—1. From 1788 to 1801. 2.—From the Union until 1813, when he took up his position as a British Senator.* 3. From 1813 to 1830, when he became Chancellor of Ireland, and lastly, his judicial career from 1830 until his expulsion from office by the (Melbourne) Whigs. In the first portion of his life he was known principally as a barrister, attached to the political interests of that portion of the Irish Whig party, which looked up to Lord Charlemont as its leader and guide. If there was much virtue and patriotism in that party, there was also unhappily a taint of weakness in its composition. There was a complexional delicacy about

* He sat only for a few weeks in the Parliament of 1807. He quitted the House of Commons on the fall of the Grenville Fox Ministry.

the Charlemont school, that showed it could not last long. Its patriotism was too *Della Cruscan*, and my Lord Charlemont wished *faire les revolutions à la Grandison.* To such a political party, a man with the thews and sinews of Plunket was a priceless acquisition. He spoke its politics with great energy, and without committing his friends to a single ultra-popular principle, gave by his vehemence an appearance of boldness and moral courage to their counsels, which they wanted in reality; for nothing could have been more timid, weak, and hesitating than the statesmanship of the Charlemont Whigs.

It was during this portion of his life that Plunket came in contact with Lord Castlereagh, upon whom he fell with great oratorical ferocity, winning applause from the popular party by the brilliancy of his philippics against the Government, and not making any impression on the coldly audacious, and elaborately stern nature of Lord Castlereagh, who was never known to wince in his life beneath any amount of rhetorical abuse. Indeed the consummate insolence of Lord Castlereagh's cool and cutting manner, was perhaps the best mode the

noble lord could have adopted of annoying his assailants, and the contempt which he always exhibited for a House of Commons' quarrel, with his notorious readiness to confront any dare devil out of doors, often times deterred many from attacking him, who hated him in their hearts.*

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* There is not the slightest chance that the life of the late Lord Londonderry will ever be truly presented to the public. If it were truly written, it would be one of the most fascinating pieces of personal history given to the world. Some of his adventures were extraordinary, and there was in his character a love of the hazardous, excellently matched with his native boldness of disposition. Many persons who only recollect his blunders of speech, and his flagrant public faults, fancy that Lord Castlereagh was not a man of talent. It is true that he had not the intellect one would expect in a cool and sagacious statesman, but he possessed emphatically those personal qualities (never to be acquired by mere training) which enable a man to bear down opposition, and carry out whatever measures he has resolved on. In any country, or in any age, he would have been most formidable in political action, but in troubled times, he was sure of rising to the head of affairs. No other man could have carried the Irish Union save Lord Castlereagh, for no one else could have exhibited the requisite personal audacity and characteristic duplicity.

After the Union was carried the position of Plunket was much altered. All the old combinations of Irish politicians were broken up, and men knew not where to look for their leaders. Grattan was greatly debilitated in constitution, and was disinclined to risking his reputation in the English Parliament. Nor is there the slightest cause for doubting that the illustrious patriot was much broken in spirit, and that he grieved most deeply over the loss of his country's independence. Lord Charlemont was dead—and the Ponsonby interest was weak amongst the Protestants, and distrusted amongst the Catholics. At the time of the union there had been three

* Those who deride Lord Castlereagh as a fool know nothing about him. In truth he was a most formidable man, and the way in which all his Irish enemies recoiled before him was quite significant of that indescribable supremacy which he personally exercised when he came into contact with others. For "There was a lurking devil in his smile," which produced more dread than the frowns of a corps of bravos, and he had also the power of animating others with his own resolution. Had he been Prime Minister of Louis XVI., the French Revolution might have taken another turn.

distinct parliamentary parties in Ireland. First —the English party—destructive of nationality —and promising an equivocal liberty, within the range of British Empire. Secondly—the national Protestants, represented by Mr. Foster (Speaker of the House of Commons), and Mr. Saurin, (afterwards Attorney General.) That party was very patriotic, but very discordant in its views—aiming to preserve the legislative independence of Protestant, and to protract the servitude of Catholic Ireland. Thirdly— The Grattan Whigs, cherishing a noble—generous, and an impossible patriotism. They wished to preserve the independence of Ireland, the existence of the aristocracy, and a connection with England, but to have enforced their politics they would have required the aid of the people, who cared little for Whiggery and Constitutional freedom, and looked for their deliverance to France and rebellion. With the Grattan Whigs Plunket was identified.

The Union changed all. It left only two Parliamentary parties in Ireland—one Protestant, and the other pro-Catholic. *For* or *against* the Emancipation of the Catholics were

the distinctions between the candidates for seats in Parliament. Plunket was a zealous—cordial—and unaffected emancipator, but it was supposed that he had no objection to take office under Mr. Pitt, whose opinions were notoriously in favour of the Catholics. He was however not appointed Attorney General until Mr. Fox's administration in 1806. During the session of 1807 he delivered a speech in the English House (in which he sat for one of Lord Fitzwilliam's boroughs) on Catholic Emancipation, which Mr. Whitbread afterwards designated as the ablest he had ever heard. On the fall of the Whig party he went out of office, and it was then understood amongst men of all parties that Plunket had connected himself with Lord Grenville.

The reader may be reminded that the principles of Lord Grenville were equally distinct from those of the Court Tories, and of the Foxite Whigs. Lord Grenville was in favour of the sturdy continuance of the war against France—of the immediate concession of the Catholic claims, and of resolute opposition to Parliamentary Reform. Circumstanced as the

Empire was in 1806 and 1807, there can be little doubt but that Lord Grenville's *coup d'œil* of English politics was juster than that of any of his contemporaries. It will be seen that Plunket remained a steady Grenvillist all his life.

It was during this (the second portion of his public life) that a circumstance took place which has often been mentioned to the injury of Plunket's character. Any reader may have often noticed the peculiar manner in which Tory and ultra-Radical prints have taunted Lord Plunket with respect to his conduct towards the unfortunate Emmett. Upon no subject has there been grosser ignorance displayed, and more calumny wantonly uttered, than on this identical point, which ought to be finally cleared up.

In the year 1803 Plunket was one of the Counsel of the Crown against Emmett, when that young enthusiast was tried for High Treason. There was no defence made for Emmett, and no witnesses were called, as it would have been useless to deny the charges. Nor did the counsel for the defence make any

address to the Jury on behalf of Emmett. Under such circumstances it was expected that the Crown would have waved its right to address the Jury. Such an expectation was perhaps a natural one under the circumstances.

When the counsel for Emmett intimated their hopes that the Crown Lawyers would not again speak, the Attorney General (O'Grady afterwards Lord Guillamore) rose, and made the following statement.

"My Lord—We feel that stating a case, and observing upon it, are different duties. I have had the burthen upon me of stating the case for the Crown. The prisoner declining to go into any case wears the impression that the case on the part of the Crown does not require any answer—that is the most charitable way of considering his conduct, and therefore it is at *my particular desire* that Mr. Plunket rises to address the Court and Jury upon this occasion." (Howell's State Trials, vol. 28, page 1158.)

And *therefore*, from a "most charitable" premiss the conclusion is, to say the least, of

very equivocal "charity." Possibly the right honorable buffoon might have meant his "therefore" as a joke, for at all times the Irish State Trials have been distinguished for the union of more than forensic fury, mingled with the most fantastical buffoonery. The glory of Curran's genius and the still greater glory of his heroic spirit alone redeem them from being the most loathsome of judicial annals.

However, Plunket complied with O'Grady's "special desire," and delivered a splendid philippic against rebels, and political incendiaries. It was a brilliant Crown Lawyer's address, and may serve as a model for the speech of an alarmist advocate.

Its vigour may be judged of by the following passages:—

"For God's sake, to whom are we called to deliver up, within fourteen days, all the advantages we enjoy? Who are they who claim the obedience? The prisoner, as the principal. I do not wish to say anything harsh of him—a young man of considerable talents, if used with precaution, and of respectable rank in society, if content to conform to its laws. But when

he assumes the tone and manner of a legislator, and calls on all ranks of people, the instant the provisional government is proclaimed, to yield to it the whole constituted authority, then it becomes an extravagance bordering on frenzy. We who have lived under a king, not only *de facto*, but *de jure*, in possession of the throne, are called on to submit ourselves to the prisoner —to the vagrant politician, the bricklayer, the baker, the old clothes-man, and ostler. These are the persons to whom this proclamation, in its majesty and dignity, calls upon a great people to yield up obedience, and a powerful government to give a prompt, manly, and sagacious acquiescence to their just and unalterable determination.

"I do not wish to awaken any remorse, except such as may be salutary to himself and his country, in the mind of the prisoner; but when he reflects that he has stooped from the honourable situation in which his birth, talents, and education placed him, to debauch the minds of the lower orders of ignorant men with the phantoms of liberty and equality, he must feel that it was an unworthy use of his talents—he should feel remorse for the consequences which

ensued, grievous to humanity and virtue, and should endeavour to make all the atonement in his power, by employing the short time which remains for him in endeavouring to undeceive them."

The conclusion of his speech is as follows—

"Gentlemen, I am anxious to suppose the mind of the prisoner recoiled at the scenes of murder which he witnessed, and I mention one circumstance with satisfaction—he saved the life of Farrel—and may the recollection of that one good action cheer him in his last moments! But though he may not have planned individual murders, that does not justify treason, which must be followed by every species of crime. Let loose the rabble from the salutary restraints of the law, and who can take on him to limit their barbarities? Who can say he will disturb the peace of the world, and rule it when wildest? Let loose the winds of heaven, and what power less than the Omnipotent can control them? So it is with a rabble. What claim, then, can the prisoner have on the compassion of a jury, because in the general

destruction his schemes necessarily produced, he did not meditate individual murder? I trust that the blood which has been shed in the streets and on the scaffold will not be visited on the head of the prisoner. It is not for me to say what are the limits to the mercy of God, or what a sincere repentance may effect; but I do say, that if this unfortunate young man retain in his heart any of the seeds of humanity, he will make an atonement to his God and country by warning his deluded countrymen."

This speech is repeatedly brought forward to the disadvantage of Plunket. How far he is amenable to censure for having made it, the writer will presently enquire. But first it is necessary to state that a general impression is widely diffused that Emmett and Plunket had been personal acquaintances, and that friendship had subsisted between their respective families. The prevalence of this opinion may be traced to a libel in Cobbett's Register for the year 1804. In that journal a falsified report of Emmett's last speech was introduced, in which occurred the following passage, in which Emmett is made to denounce Plunket as—

"That viper whom my father nourished. He it was from whose lips I learned those principles and doctrines which now drag me to my grave. He it is who is now brought forward as my prosecutor, and who by an unheard of exercise of the prerogative has wantonly lashed with a speech to evidence the dying son of that former friend—when that dying son had produced no evidence, and had made no defence, but on the contrary, had acknowledged the charge, and submitted to his fate."

If the statement attributed to Emmett had been true, Plunket would have deserved the abhorrence of mankind. But it was FALSE IN EVERY PARTICULAR, and was the production of an enemy of Plunket, who brought an action against Cobbett, accusing him of having published "a false, scandalous, and malicious libel." The case was tried before Lord Ellenborough; Erskine was counsel for Plunket, to whom a London Special Jury awarded the sum of *Five Hundred Pounds,* thereby plainly intimating the falsehood of the libel.

Plunket had *never* been a friend of the Emmetts or their family. The extent of his acquaintance with them went no further than

his having met on one occasion at a public dinner, the brother of Emmett—a circumstance that had taken place a great number of years previous to Emmett's trial.

But further, the libel was malignantly false in asserting that Emmett had made the statement attributed to him by Cobbett's correspondent. It was proved before Lord Ellenborough that Emmett had never uttered the words, (or any thing in any wise resembling them) of the imputed speech, " that viper, &c." And it was also proved that even if he had spoken them, that he would have said what was not true.

It is said, however, that Plunket is deservedly obnoxious to censure for the vehemence of his speech, and it is further asserted that he should never have spoken at all. It is argued with great plausibility that the man who had made the famous " Hannibal" speech in the Irish Parliament, and who had threatened to swear his children to an eternal hostility against England, should not have assaulted Emmett with so much fury. It is said that he should have pitied the sad enthusiast, and not unnecessarily wounded his feelings.

There is certainly a good deal of point, but it is nothing more, in contrasting Plunket's rhetorical hostility to England, with his onslaught against Emmett and rebels in general. But nothing can be easier than at this distance of time to say that Plunket in a disturbed age should have been calm, and forbearing. The truth is that Plunket, *with a great many others of the friends of constitutional freedom,* was indignant at the outrageous absurdity of Emmett's ridiculous rebellion. They saw that Emmett had done *considerable injury to the cause of progressive freedom*—and to the principles of religious toleration. They saw that Emmett had virtually aided the Irish Protestant Oligarchy, and that *he assisted to retard Catholic Emancipation.* The times (1803) were critical; Pitt was in favour of Emancipating the Catholics—so also were all the great political leaders. At such a time the fact of Emmett's insane and mischievous rebellion was productive of the most disastrous consequences. It helped the alarmists to inflame the prejudices of Protestant England, and it embarrassed the advocates of concession to Ireland. It is all very well to

talk platitudes, and utter moral saws to the effect that such considerations should not have stifled "charitable" sentiments in Plunket's breast. But at this distance of time it would be difficult to convey to the reader a distinct idea of the anger and indignation which Emmett had caused amongst all those who were opposed to Protestant ascendancy, and who wished to help the Catholics.

"I do say, therefore," said Erskine, "and Mr. Cobbett was at liberty to have proved the contrary if he could have done so, that Mr Plunket availed himself of *this useful opportunity* to warn others from the fate of this wretched young man. He told them that if they expected France to assist them in the formation of their Republic, that they would find themselves dreadfully mistaken; that the time was not far off, when they would see that their leader (Bonaparte) was actuated by nothing but ambition—by a desire to aggrandize his own family, and a total forgetfulness of everything that had animated the mind of the good Washington."

Whether a Crown Lawyer should read

political lectures to the public in his speeches to the Jury is a question that has never been satisfactorily settled. It is very difficult to speak to a State Trial without introducing State Politics. Plunket was not more to blame than others.

The truth, however, is that there is a certain poetical halo about Emmett, which makes many persons of opposite politics compassionate towards his memory. His romantic passion for Miss Curran, and his enthusiasm for Ireland has made him a sort of hero with many sentimentalists. The lyre of Moore, and the graceful pen of Washington Irving have done much to entwine Emmett's with many tender associations—

> "He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
> They were all that to life had entwined to him ;
> Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
> Nor long will his love stay behind him."

This feeling of tenderness towards Emmett makes many forget the actual feelings which were entertained towards him when he rekin-

dled the flames of civil war only to forge fresh fetters for his unhappy country.*

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* This is not the place to characterize Emmett. His life will probably never be fairly written. The present writer cannot help expressing his surprise that such a quantity of sentiment should be lavished upon the character of Emmett, while none is afforded to the memory of the greatest of all the Irish Rebel-patriots—Wolfe Tone. There was more of political energy and masculine power in any ten days of Tone's life than in as many years of Emmett, who was like one of those conventional artists, whose works produce no permanent effect from their fatal prettiness. He was a very nice, charming, romantic, and most captivating young man. He was also a fine inflammatory orator, with much natural talent for eloquence. But a weaker leader never did more mischief to his party. On the other hand Tone was really a man entitled to much admiration---that admiration due to vast designs---most able execution---and great original capacity for affairs. Tone had greater talents for political action, than any rebel who has ever appeared in Ireland. It is unnecessary to state how entirely the present writer differs from the views of Tone, but he confesses that he has often been surprised that the Irish Revolutionary party do not pay that homage to Tone's memory which they so enthusiastically accord to some of the pretty rebels---the Della Cruscan Jacobins, about whom sonnets are written in ladies' albums, and lamentations sweetly sung with a piano accompaniment. Tone may have been "an infernal rebel," but he was a political genius of the very first order.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## PLUNKET.

"Lord Plunket was in my opinion the most powerful and able advocate that the Roman Catholics ever had. I will say that he more than any other man contributed to the success of the Roman Catholic Question."

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"That incomparable orator Lord Plunket."

BROUGHAM.

AT the general election of 1812, Plunket entered the English House of Commons as a member of the Grenville Whig party, and in close alliance with the political interests of Lord Wellesley.

He was enabled to enter the Senate, in consequence of Dr. Patrick Plunket, who

had made a fortune as a Physician, having died and bequeathed sixty thousand pounds to his distinguished brother. When he had lost the Attorney Generalship in 1807, (on the fall of the Grenville Cabinet) he had returned to the Irish Bar, on the express ground of his not being able to afford continuing in Parliament, while he held no public offices. During the short time that he had sat in the House, he had made a speech (on the Catholic Question) which Mr. Whitbread declared would never be forgotten. "For the mischief created by the "No Popery" cry we have the authority of a learned friend of mine, who is no longer a member of the House, but who lately was an ornament to it, and whose brilliant talents and splendid eloquence at once convinced and delighted us. I speak of Mr. Plunket, whose speech upon that subject in the House will never be forgotten." (Debate on Roman Catholic Question, May 25th, 1808.*

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* Plunket had declined continuing Attorney-General under an administration opposed to the Catholic Claims. In the Debate on Ireland upon August 10th, 1807, Henry Grattan spoke of Plunket as "distinguished for legal and constitu-

In the debate of 1813, on the Catholic Question, he far surpassed his former effort. He astonished the House of Commons with the splendour of his powers. At that time Canning and Grattan were the only other great speakers in Parliament. Fox and Pitt were in their graves, and his best friends would have wished that Sheridan's career had terminated with that of his contemporaries. But there were several very good speakers in the House at the time; in-

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tional knowledge, and for a contempt of salary equal to a regard for law." It is to be regretted that Bushe should have supported the Tories, although he was favourable to the Catholic Claims, but Bushe was a Canningite just as Plunket was a Grenvillist. Although staunch private friends, Plunket occasionally gave Bushe some home thrusts. On one occasion during Plunket's absence from court, Bushe was asked by the Judge, where was Mr. Plunket? "Oh! I suppose, my lord," answered Bushe, "he's CABINET-MAKING," (alluding to some pending political arrangements). On Plunket's entering the court, and the joke being told to him, he immediately rose, and said—"There has been, my lord, a jest at my expense during my absence, but (looking sarcastically towards Bushe) I assure your lordship I am not qualified for cabinet-making, as I never was a joiner or a turner."

deed, perhaps, never were there so many "promising young men" in Parliament.

PEEL was then attracting attention by his evident aptitude for practical politics. He was elaborately artificial—most plausible—and perfectly trained in all the mechanical parts of eloquence. It is worth remarking that a perusal of the Premier's early speeches will, by no means, account for his sudden rise to political distinction. He was thought more of inside than outside of Parliament. His studious anxiety to please, and his affectation of modesty contributed to ingratiate him with most members of the House of Commons, added to which he came out under the patronage of government. Those only who remember his delivery, can understand how rapidly he acquired the favour of the house. Never did a young man enter Parliament who timed his early efforts more judiciously, and never with the single exception of Mr. Pitt, did a young man deliver himself with such felicity. He was far more animated in his manner in those times than he is now. Whatever a critic might have inferred of young Peel's capacity for statesmanship, he would not have hesitated

to augur that he would become a great Parliamentary speaker; and he would have assigned him a place amongst orators far higher than that to which the Premier has attained. He certainly had then the appearance of warmth of character; even the composition of his speeches was different from his present style. He had a far greater redundancy of action then than now, and from the disagreeable trick of declaiming with his left hand stuck into his hip, he was perfectly free. He spoke with much more rapidity at that time, but every young speaker, even the best trained, is too apt to *gabble.* He evidently changed his style of speaking, in order that he might better contend with his rivals and opponents. Hopeless indeed would it have been for Peel to have contended in vehemence with the impetuous Whitbread, or the overwhelming Brougham. Neither could he ever have hoped to surpass the masculine energy of Plunket, or to have outshone the vivid flashes of Canning's oratory.

The year 1813 was upon the whole a favourable year for a new orator to have entered Parliament, as he had only to compete with the host of young men—(Peels—Wards—William

Lambes—Frederick Robinsons—and Palmerstons). Whitbread was able—popular—and vehement, but not entitled to be called an orator, and Brougham had not been returned in 1812, owing to causes which this is not the place to dwell upon. Plunket therefore had a clear stage for the exhibition of his powers; and never did any one, in a single effort, more securely obtain the highest rank as a Parliamentary orator. The speech, which he delivered in 1813 upon the Catholic Question, not only carried away the House of Commons, but astonished the English public. It was thought at the time to have been the greatest speech since Sheridan's Begum oration. Indeed of that speech is recorded the novel fact, that two members of Parliament actually changed their minds on the Catholic Question, influenced alone by the reasoning of Plunket.

It would be impossible to give the reader any idea of the masterly ability of that famous speech by extracts however copious. It is a grand whole, and cannot be judged of by detached parts. The weighty logic—grave and serious manner, united with its calm, earnest tone, distinguish it pre-eminently amongst the

innumerable speeches delivered in a course of thirty years upon the Catholic Question. On perusing it, the reader will exclaim, as many a man said who had the good fortune to be present on the delivery of that noble oration. "It is impossible that anything could be better." And yet his "Manchester Massacre speech" produced even greater effect with the country, and raised Plunket's reputation still higher as a Parliamentary speaker ; while again he was found to have surpassed all expectations ever formed of him by his unparalleled effort on the Catholic Question Debate of 1821.

It would be very wrong to suppose that Plunket was a mere orator; he was frequently called upon to exercise his own cool judgment irrespective of all party considerations. For example—in 1815, when the Whig Opposition split upon the renewal of the war with Bonaparte,* there was much anxiety with the (French) Whig circles to induce Plunket to adopt the liberal views towards Bonaparte. Never pro-

* French Whigs they ought to be called, for really they were French in heart and Britons in nothing but the name.

bably did the perverse and headlong fanaticism of the French Whigs do so much damage to the cause of the great Whig party, as when it drove them to adopt the weak and apologetic policy recommended by Lord Grey, instead of the manly, and statesmanlike course advised by Lord Grenville. Lord Grey made on that occasion one of the most elaborate and eloquent pieces of special pleading statesmanship, ever heard in the Upper House. In decrying the folly of making war against Bonaparte, he reminded the Peers that he was not to be feared, inasmuch as he was mortal, and liable to the accidents of disease and death! Indeed the galling severity with which Canning lashed the (French) Whigs* was perhaps merited by the

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* In a speech delivered by him at Liverpool in 1816, when in defending himself against the charge of inconsistency, he spoke of the Whigs as "a party whose life and growth, whose essence and element are coalition; a party of which the members are in reality so little coalescent that but last year on the greatest question which the Government of this country was ever called upon to decide, and its Parliament to sanction (the renewal of the war with Bonaparte) they were divided half and half, and all that was of most weight or ornament in the party

very paltry and un-English spirit which they manifested on the great question of War or Peace in 1815.

But Plunket, however, took the sound and British view of that question. He made an able speech in support of the policy recommended by Lord Grenville. Cobbett, who oftentimes was ready to admire the ability of an opponent, often quoted an image employed by Plunket in that speech, as being the finest metaphor he ever heard. "The vessel in which Bonaparte has embarked his fortunes, is labouring with the storm—its mast is bowed down to the water's edge."

The Whig party was deeply injured by the schism of 1815. If Lord Grey had taken another course on that occasion, there was every reasonable prospect of the united Grenvillists and Greyites conquering the Liverpool

fought the battle of the Ministers against the remainder. That remainder indeed true to their old principles would have extended the doctrine of coalition to Bonaparte. He then eulogised the "manly eloquence of Grenville," the splendid enthusiasm of Grattan, and commanding energy of Plunket.

Cabinet. It was not so much the policy recommended by Lord Grey that injured him in the opinion of the country, as the tame spirit he then evinced—his credulity in the fortunes of Napoleon—and the non-national character of his speeches. How well Henry Grattan demolished all the noble Earl's querulous arguments. "No doubt he (Bonaparte) will accompany all this with offers of peace, *but such offers of peace are nothing more than one of the arts of war,* attended most assuredly by charging on you the odium of a long and protracted contest, and with much common-place and many good saws and sayings of the miseries of bloodshed, and the savings and good husbandry of peace, and the comforts of a quiet life, but if you listen to this you will be much deceived, not only deceived, but *you will be beaten.*"

Plunket was in two or three years after his entrance to the House of Commons considered as one of its steadiest luminaries.

The great influence which he enjoyed in the councils of Parliament arose probably as much from his exhibition of high moral power, as from the manifestation of commanding elo-

quence. The House always listened to him on the great problematical questions of Imperial politics, as to a wise counsellor and grave adviser. And he was honoured to this great extent with the confidence of his Parliamentary audience, because, in point of strict fact, he always addressed his hearers, and never harangued for the public out of doors. While Plunket was addressing them, the members on both sides entertained no ordinary opinion of their own collective importance; from the gravity, earnestness, and deliberative deportment with which he spoke, any one, even the least observant, must have been convinced that the eloquent member on the floor, himself believed in the "wisdom of Parliament."

Besides, Plunket in Parliament was a deliberator as well as a debater. He examined carefully and candidly the whole of a question before the House, and did not, after the fashion of a mere gladiator, enforce his affected convictions, or sustain the mere prejudices of his party. His great speeches were the efforts of a man, who, to unsurpassed oratorical talents, united the calm, searching, and wary mind of a Constitu-

tional Statesman. For the most part there was a fine philosophical temper in his Parliamentary eloquence. His purity of taste was as manifest as any other of the great qualities of his remarkable style. No false enthusiasm—no trumpery affectation of sentimentalism—no coarse and fanatical exaggeration of the importance of particular principles, ever imparted a grovelling character to the chaste—nervous—and masculine reasoning, with which he so often elevated the passions, and controlled the convictions of the British Senate. No fact can be more honourable to the reputation of Plunket, than the simple circumstance, that on no one occasion, during his Parliamentary career, could he have been convicted of having made a canting speech. Men at both sides of the House were ready to admit "Whether he be right or wrong, it is certain there is no cant about Plunket."

There was, indeed, not one single spurious feature in the qualities of Plunket's eloquence. Canning used sometimes to exhibit his fine powers for his own personal gratification, but vanity or the love of display never influenced Plunket, who has throughout all his life evinced

a singular indifference to applause. So little does he care about his fame, that when from two quarters he was solicited to give some assistance to the editing of his own "incomparable" speeches, it is said he rather morosely signified his indifference about them. He valued them merely as significations of his opinion, and as records of his politics, but as to what was thought about their artistical excellence, he was quite apathetic. In this he was consistent, for it was almost impossible while he was in the House of Commons to obtain a correct report of what fell from him. Even the Government in 1819, when he made his famous "Manchester Massacre Speech," could not induce him to report it with the requisite fulness. Only one of his speeches is correctly reported, that on the Catholic Question in 1813.

The speech on the Manchester Massacre drew down on him great censure, not only from the disaffected part of the community, but from that portion of the Whig party which sympathized with the ultra-Reformers. He never perhaps exerted himself more successfully than on that occasion, when persuading the House

of Commons to apply its undivided energy to the support of Administration, and to give no quarter to the demagogues who drove the people to the very verge of madness with their inflammatory harangues. "He saved the Cabinet by that one speech," said one of the ablest and most critical of Whigs, when describing, after the lapse of years, the effect produced at that time by Plunket. Lord Dudley wrote of him on that occasion—"By the bye, he has cut a great figure this year—his speech in answer to Mackintosh was among the most perfect replies I ever heard. He assailed the fabric of his adversary, not by an irregular damaging fire that left parts of it standing, but by a complete rapid process of demolition, *that did not let one stone continue standing on another.*"

The effect of the speech may perhaps be measured by the excessive bitterness which Lord Grey manifested in a personal attack on Plunket, which he made after the Manchester speech. Lord Grey was literally enraged by the conduct of the most eloquent of the Grenvillists, and he even taunted him as a deserter, (or words to that effect, as well as the present

writer's memory serves him.) But Plunket never was more consistent, than when he took high ground, and advocated strong measures against the factious and the violent.

After the death of the illustrious Grattan, (the noblest of all Irishmen in public virtue and character, and next to Burke, the greatest of them in genius), Plunket became the leading advocate of the Catholic Question. In 1821, in urging it upon the English Parliament, he reached the height of his political reputation. Of that magnificent speech any praise can scarcely be too laudatory. There was intense anxiety to hear him speak on the occasion of his assuming the position so long and nobly filled by his immortal countryman. A consciousness of what was expected from him, not merely by the House of Commons, but by England, roused him to his greatest exertion. He was then in the full possession of all his physical energies, and he had the advantage of having glorious rivals in the same great cause. He had not merely to excel George Canning and Henry Brougham, but he had (what was more difficult to one of his temperament) to display that hearty enthusiasm, and affectionate zeal with which

Grattan gave life and animation to his advocacy. Never was Canning more fascinating —or Brougham more overwhelming, than was Plunket on that occasion, and for once, (and only once in his life) he was as tender and passionate as either Curran or Grattan had ever been in their best days. Of that oration, the present Prime Minister of England has said in this year, (debate of June 13th, 1844,) that "it stands nearly the highest in point of ability of any I ever heard in this House, combining the rarest powers of eloquence with the strongest powers of reasoning." Such is the opinion of Sir Robert Peel, speaking from his recollection of that splendid speech. It may be added that some fourteen years since, a most fastidious judge of eloquence, (the late learned Charles Butler, who was in the habit of assisting at every grand oratorical display, and who had heard Lord Chatham) pronounced that "Plunket's speech in 1821 was *never surpassed* in the British Senate."*

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* Mr. Butler was in every sense a fine specimen of the scholar and gentleman of the old school. His reminiscences of his own times were very entertaining, and frequently instructive, although he looked at men and things in rather a narrow point of view. His published reminiscences are very meagre

Lord Dudley wrote enthusiastically at the time to the Bishop of Llandaff. "I wish you

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and colourless compared with his conversational recollections. He had been on friendly terms with a great number of persons of distinction, and though his views were those of a formalist, and though he wanted raciness of feeling, and rapidity of perception, still his recollections of the leading persons of the last century were spirited and agreeable. Amongst others of his acquaintances was Sheridan, about whom he used to tell several stories, some of which have never found their way into general circulation. On one occasion at Mr. Butler's table, Sheridan received a very severe rebuke, to which he made no reply or repartee. It was in the year 1805 when there was much intriguing respecting the Whig motion for Catholic Emancipation. Some Catholic gentlemen had come over from Ireland, as members of a deputation representing the Catholic interests. Amongst them was the late Mr. Seully, author of the well known work on the Irish Penal Laws. Several of them dined one day at Mr. Butler's, and the company comprised politicians and literary persons—Sheridan amongst the rest. When the conversation turned upon the approaching debate Sheridan (who was then disgracing himself in the service of the Prince of Wales) addressing himself to Mr. Scully said—"If Moira and I, from particular circumstances, should not take as active a part in the Catholic Question as you could wish you may still be assured, Mr. Seully, that our hearts are with you." "And if, immediately retorted Mr. Seully, the French should invade Ireland and the Irish Catholics, from particular circumstances should not take as active a part as you could wish, you may still be assured, Mr. Sheridan, that our hearts are with you."

had heard Plunket. He had made great speeches before, but in this he far surpassed them all. I have not heard for many years such an astonishing display of talent. His style is quite peculiar—for its gravity and severity, I prefer it to all others of which I ever heard a specimen."

It would be totally impossible to give by extracts any idea of the merit of that speech, and there is only one person alive who could adequately describe its oratorical excellence. The English reader, however, might perhaps be interested with some specimens of his style. But it must be premised that the reports are careless, and that like the speeches of Demosthenes, those of Plunket must be judged of as whole compositions, and not by detached passages.

The first specimen gives a tolerably correct idea of his general Parliamentary style. It is taken from his speech of 1813, and exhibits the gravity and seriousness of his mind.

## CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

"The topic, that toleration admits of one

consideration, and political power of another, has little application to this case, even if it were true; for here it must be contended, that rank and station, and honor, are not the proper appendages of wealth, and knowledge, and education, and of every thing which constitutes moral and political strength. In every system of human policy the few must govern the many, but their legitimate government must arise from their superiority in wealth and knowledge; if therefore, you exclude the wealthy and educated, you throw into the scale of the many the only weight which could have preserved the balance of the state itself. This is universally true; but when you reject the opulent and the educated on account of a condition which they have in common with the many, you add the attraction of politics and party to the operation of general and moral causes; and if the principles of exclusion be a religious one, you organise the principles of furious and interminable revolution. Put the policy of the separation of political rank from property and education in the extreme case of their total division, or in any intermediate degree, the conclusion is equally true, that the

attempt to separate establishes a principle, not of government, but of the dissolution of all government. So sensible of this truth were our ancestors, that when they saw, or thought they saw, a necessity for dishonouring the Roman Catholic, they adopted as a necessary consequence the policy of impoverishing and barbarising him. That policy was consistent — *the means had a diabolical fitness for the end.* What have we done? We have trod back their steps, we have rescued the Catholics from the code which formed at once their servitude and our safety, and we fancy we can continue the exclusion from civil station which superinduced that code. Theirs was not a real or fancied necessity, but a consistent system; we pretend no necessity, we have voluntarily abdicated the means of safety, and we wilfully and uselessly continue the causes of danger. *The time to have paused was before we heaved from those sons of earth the mountains which the wisdom or terror of our ancestors had heaped upon them, but we have raised them up, and placed them erect: are we prepared to hurl them down and bury them again?*"

The next exhibits his style of philippic, taken

from his attack on Castlereagh in the Irish House of Commons.

## CASTLEREAGH.

"The example of the Prime Minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults—he abandoned in his later years the principles of reform, by professing which he had obtained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable. But it must be admitted he has shown himself by nature endowed with towering and transcendent talent, and that the vastness of his moral resources kept pace with the unboundedness and magnificence of his projects. I thank God, that it is easier to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and sagacity, and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot bear that the constitution which has been formed by the wisdom of ages, and cemented by the blood of patriots

and martyrs, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and limber twig as this."

Next may be presented to the reader, a specimen of the orator's powers of portraiture. The extract is selected from his statement of the Bottle Riot case of Treason in 1822. The reader must first understand that Plunket had to address an Orange Jury, who entertained ferocious prejudices against the enlightened policy of Lord Wellesley. The orator artfully sought to enlist their sympathies, by dwelling eulogistically on "the great and good King William." The colouring is therefore designedly heightened.

## KING WILLIAM THE THIRD.

"There is not, my lords, perhaps to be found in the annals of history a character more truly great than that of William the Third. Perhaps no person has ever appeared in the theatre of the world, who has conferred more essential and more lasting benefits on mankind: on these countries, certainly none. When I look at the abstract merits of his character, I contemplate

them with admiration and reverence. Lord of a petty principality—destitute of all resources but those with which nature had endowed him—regarded with jealousy and envy by those whose battles he fought—thwarted in all his counsels—embarrassed in all his movements—deserted in his most critical enterprizes, he continued to mould all these discordant materials, to govern all these warring interests, and merely by the force of his genius, the ascendancy of his integrity, and the immoveable firmness and constancy of his nature, to combine them in an indissoluble alliance against the schemes of despotism, and the universal dominion of the most powerful monarch of Europe, seconded by the ablest generals—at the head of the bravest and best disciplined armies in the world—and wielding without check or control the unlimited resources of his empire. He was not a consummate general. Military men will point out his errors; in that respect fortune did not favour him, save by throwing the lustre of adversity over all his virtues. He sustained defeat after defeat, but always rose, *adversa rerum immersabilis unda.* Looking merely at

his shining qualities and achievements, I admire him as I do a Scipio, a Regulus, a Fabius—a model of tranquil courage, undeviating probity, and armed with a resoluteness and constancy in the cause of truth and freedom, which rendered him superior to the accidents which control the fate of ordinary men. But this is not all—I feel that to him, under God, I am at this moment indebted for the rights I enjoy as a subject of these free countries—to him I owe the blessings of a civil and religious liberty, and I venerate his memory with a fervour of devotion suited to his illustrious qualities and his godlike acts."

Of his irony and humour, and of his forensic style, let the following extract be taken as a specimen. It is to be found in his speech in the case of the *King* against *O'Grady*.

"The Solicitor-General (Mr. Bushe) says this is not a judicial act. His words are:—'It is alleged that the admission of the defendant is their judicial determination upon the qualification of

the officer, and the legality of the appointment. I wrote down the words; I would not trust to my memory, when my memory was called upon to preserve what disgusted my feelings, and revolted against my understanding.' Such are the words of my learned friend. And then passing upon me some most extravagant compliments, which no man can suppose I would be such an egregious dupe of inordinate vanity to receive as merited, he calls upon me to step over to Westminster Hall, and to desire the House of Commons to decide whether this was a judicial act or not. And if, under the influence of this extravagance of praise, my head were to be so completely turned that I should actually go to St. Stephen's Chapel for the purpose, he then tells me, that 'the very monuments would yield up their illustrious dead; and the shades of Mansfield and of Somers, of Holt and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation.' If I had been such a madman as to adopt the suggestions of my learned friend, and introduce in such a place the descriptions of a legal point depending in the Court of King's Bench in

Ireland, the shades of those illustrious persons, if they had any taste for the truly ridiculous, might have stepped down to amuse themselves by seeing an Irish lawyer performing the part of Malvolio, cross-gartered and in yellow stockings, the victim of egregious vanity and folly. But if they had thought fit to deny that the swearing in the officer by the Court of Exchequer was a judicial act, I should have prayed in aid the shade of Sir Joseph Jekyll, who calls such an admission in terms a judicial act; I should have called on the shades of the learned judges who decided the cases in the Yearbook of 9 Ed. IV. p. 6, in Dyer, 149, a. 150, b. and in 1 Anderson, 152. If these venerable spectres had not availed me, I should have called for the substantial assistance of the Solicitor-General himself, who after a variety of splendid and figurative language, such as the rich imagery of his fancy supplied, ended at last by admitting it to be a judicial act. All these authorities I should have cited to the apparitions of Lord Somers, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Hale. But to Lord Holt I would say, 'You are the most impudent ghost that

ever visited the glimpses of the moon, for you yourself did in your life-time the very thing which you now start up to rebuke.' My Lords —the Solicitor-General has predicted that my laurels are foredoomed to wither to the root. I do not think I can lay claim to any laurels; and I am conscious that if I ever put forth any leaves, they are already upon the sere. But notwithstanding what has fallen from the Solicitor-General, I believe he would be disposed rather to regret their fall, than to rejoice at any untimely blight which stripped them off before their natural decay."

To speak of his eloquence as it deserves, and to render it critical justice would demand a long essay. Limited for space, the present writer must pass on to mention briefly the remaining public features of Plunket's career. Of the part which he played, when made Attorney-General in 1822, and when, with the assistance of Lord Wellesley, he gave a just and rational development to Liberal principles in Ireland nothing will be said in this work, as the

theme would demand two copious illustrations.*

About the year 1818 the Grenvillists had joined the Canning party, and Plunket continued to act with that alliance until the year 1827, when Canning was made Prime Minister. At that time Canning was most anxious to bring all the assistance he could muster to the aid of his weak and hardly tenable position. Accordingly when Sir John Copley was elevated to the Chancellorship, Canning gave the vacant Mastership of the Rolls in England to Plunket, whose Parliamentary assistance he was desirous to retain. Plunket was actually made Master of the Rolls, and remained so for *a day and a half*, but resigned in consequence of the outcry from Westminster Hall. The appointment of an Irish Barrister was not to be endured! Not though he was the first man at the Irish Bar, and the rival of the foremost men in the British Senate—his nomination was not to be borne! He was

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* That part of modern Irish History will be dwelt on in another work.

shortly after compelled to put up with the Chief-Justiceship of the Irish Common Pleas, and a British Peerage---not surely very great prizes to a man of his extraordinary powers and brilliant career.

When however the great Whig party came into power in 1830, Plunket obtained the position to which he was unquestionably entitled by his splendid talents---his personal connections---and his political principles. He was made Chancellor of Ireland.

In this, the fourth part of his career, his character did not shine with such splendour as at the Bar or in the Senate. Perhaps (like in other cases which the reader can recal) the fame of Plunket, as an orator and statesman, made persons expect too much from him as a Chancellor. He was great as an individual by his original talents and energy of character; he was great at the Bar by his vast resources for logical controversy, and rhetorical illustration; he was great in the College Green Parliament by his fiery and dazzling eloquence; he was great in the English Senate by his admirable and matured oratory---by his re-

doubtable prowess in debate; he was great when acting as Attorney-General during Lord Wellesley's first Administration, by his high moral courage, and the part which he played in justly administering the laws; but he was *not* great in the House of Lords, nor great as Chancellor of Ireland.

We will now consider the general character of this celebrated man, who has never been properly appreciated by the zealots of faction.

# CHAPTER IX.

## PLUNKET.

"Esse quam videri:"

Lord Plunket was a man who by the original conformation of his mental faculties, as well as by the prejudices acquired during an age, when the world was vexed by the rival evils of monarchical absolutism, and democratical rapacity, might justly be entitled as *a rational aris-*

*crat.* His mind was so constructed by nature, that disorders of any kind excited its hostility, and whether the disturbance came from an arbitrary government, or a licentious commonalty, in either case his sense of right was equally affronted and aroused. Educated for the Bar, he found himself in early life, blessed with these talents which in a settled state of society, raise their possessor to the highest eminence, and his prejudices from the onset of his career were rather in favour of authority than against it. Not that he bowed down to the commonplace representatives of what is called "venerable," but he held in decent regard and sober respect all that were environed with authority. Having been witness, (while he was still a young man) to the credulous enthusiasm, and pitiable disappointments shared by numbers who augured blessings from the French Revolution, and being naturally of a severe and critical temper, his character insensibly became so stoical, that there was nothing which he so much feared as being the dupe of his own enthusiasm. The same spirit of moral scepticism which in the last century had made many minds of a high order, look for social

happiness in the temporary abrogation of prescription, operated contrariwise on Plunket by inducing him to be reconciled with present evils, and to be sceptical of all the bright and glittering remedies proposed for social and national regeneration, by the thoughtless and the generous, by the liberal and blind.

But the excellence of his character was manifested in the fact that while no man more clearly discerned on what a shallow basis all extravagant hopes of human regeneration depend, few surpassed him in cool, and patient attention to any feasible remedy for real social evils, capable of cure, as distinguished from those miseries, which by inevitable decree the human race are doomed to suffer. To his credit be it said, that though there never lived a more complete moral sceptic (at times bordering upon the cynic) so there never was a man of kindred mental tendencies, who was so remarkably free from the torpor, which scepticism is accustomed to induce. He possessed in a most eminent degree that faculty which is always present in men of genius, a strong sense of reality. He saw—listened—and thought with all his wits and faculties active and awake. He never

worried his mind by useless speculation, or enervated its elasticity by dwelling in the illusions of a puerile and romantic patriotism. He measured his own age, its leading questions, and his contemporaries with as keen and just an eye, as ever Wellington did the battalions, and the strength of the enemy's array. With his cold, stern, and impassive Presbyterian nature he calmly regarded all mankind ; and with his comprehensive intellect and imperial prejudices looked down upon his degraded country, resolving with the genuine strength of his firm will, that though most of those around him were slaves on the one side to the most grovelling provincial prejudices, or dupes upon the other to silly dreams of national regeneration, that neither the bigotry of the first, or the folly of the last should make him waver in his slowly formed views or deviate from the course of cool patriotism, and calm philanthrophy he had assigned himself.

Thus he came upon the stage of English public life with a character carefully formed by shrewd and attentive observation, and naturally sustained by a temperament which vibrated with excitement only on great occa-

sions, while it remained cold and unmoved on all those events, which disturb the faculties of mere ordinary men. Without much audacity he had considerable selfishness of character, and being averse from all that is enterprising, he was remarkable both in public and private for everything that is prudent. To realise the practicable, and disregard the splendid; to be earnest for justice, and little agitated by generosity; to be resolute in the onslaught against evil, but never to give a sigh to the victims—to give them every thing, time, money, energy, all but sympathy; seldom to hope, and never to despair; to be rarely joyous, but never gloomy; to kindle with intellect, but never glow with passion, were prominent traits in his moral character.

But how gross would be the injustice if the portrait were finished there, and if the moral limner did not look more closely into the very heart of the great subject.

Taken as the facts stand against him, Plunket may perhaps be designated as cold and stern, but let it be added that he was consistent for the most part in his politics, and in his conduct inexorably just. If he had not the af-

fection which charms, neither had he the meanness which disgusts: if he had not the spirit of public devotion, which animates even posterity to dwell upon—neither had he the political profligacy which horrifies a man's friends, and astounds even his enemies. If he was never the idol, so was he never the abhorrence of the people. Devoid of many and sterling Irish virtues, he was perfectly free from all the characteristic vices of his country, and his contemporary age.

As a man—falling far short of the gallant natures and high-souled patriotism of the Grattans and the Currans, but in no wise tainted with the spirit of the Castlereaghs and Clares, he was one, who, if prevented from success, would not have consented to rise on the ruins of his country; but it must be added that having determined to rise, he resolved on doing so without any hazard to himself.

On speculative questions of politics, Plunket was as has been observed, a rational aristocrat. His predilections in favor of the British Constitution were not the result of historical enthusiasm, or moral prejudices, but sprung from a cold and critical appreciation of the wisdom of mixed

government. Indeed his views of human nature and of society were essentially rational, and scarcely coloured by personal prejudices of any kind. The two writers which most influenced his mind were Locke and Swift, and while his intellect was governed by the philosophy of the first, his disposition was not a little modified by the cynicism of the other. Thus in Plunket were to be observed a strong sense of right, united to an austere contempt for sentiment in all its forms; a vigorous power of upholding justice, with a contemptuous disregard of human weakness. He was a political stoic—calm, inflexible, austere; his mind was free from what Dugald Stewart happily designated as "political religionism," and the cold justice of Plunket's philosophy was confirmed, rather than refuted by the mingled vices and virtues of the age in which he lived.

It would be difficult to indicate his merits as an Equity Judge, and it would be easy to specify the faults in his judgments. They want many of the qualifications desiderated in judicial decisions. They are skilful, and clever—oftentimes remarkably ingenious,

in making striking inductions from a series of facts, but they want weight, solidity, and certainty. They are not to be designated as shallow, but rather as unsafe judgments. There is no observable harmony in them; and when taken as a whole, it would be difficult to collect from them, the proofs of a great legal intellect. At the same time, they are very far removed from the legal decisions, that have been given in various courts by many of the shewy and brilliant advocates, who have proved failures on the Bench.

The fact was that Plunket did not want any of the talents or acquirements required for a Chancellor, but though he retained much excitability, he became intolerably lazy. He lost his ambition, and did not care to contend for reputation as a Chancellor. His character, with the advance of years, became torpid, and averse from making any protracted exertion necessary for being *great* in a new field of mental labour.

His failure in the House of Lords is partly attributed to that, and partly to another cause. In that assembly, it is the ascendancy of character and manners rather than of intellect and

talents that is deferred to. The coronet sat very uneasily upon Plunket's brow, and no man was less like a Lord—in short he never became one of the Peers in spirit and dispositions.

Although a thorough aristocrat by principle and political convictions, he never could assume the temper and tone of mind congenial to aristocracy. He was defective on the score of manners even in his best days, and was never free from *gaucherie* in aristocratic society. In short owing to some personal defect, he remained awkward and provincial in his bearing, and never could assimilate with the class of society into which he raised himself. It has been often said by the ignorant, that a man of great talents is thrown away in the Upper House, as he wants a field for exertion. But success in obtaining influence with the Peers depends wholly upon the man himself. It depends upon skill, and the arts of insinuation and address, upon nice tact, upon *retenue* of character, and upon the absence of cant and servility.

Many of these qualifications were possessed by Plunket; but he wanted the ease, the tact,

and aristocratic mannerism by which (combined with his splendid talents) Lord Lyndhurst has obtained a personal influence amongst the Peers, enabling him to wield more political authority than he ever could have obtained in the House of Commons. Instead of being a Peer with the Lords, Plunket was merely an orator amongst them, and a speaker (as such) has naturally a very limited field for the exercise of his talents in the Upper House.

Plunket's personal appearance admirably corresponded with his *role.* Of the middle height, his body, squarely built, with a deep, full chest, and broad shoulders, was designed for strength rather than for grace. His voice was strong and powerful, and though not harsh or discordant, was not distinguished for the harmony of its intonations; indeed it was rather coarse, but masculine. His face and head were the most remarkable of his external characteristics. His physiognomy was indicative of his personal character, cold, penetrating, and austere, with an air of sturdy self-possession. The nose was coarse and vulgar, short and clumsy, and was redeemed from total

inexpressiveness only by its habitual sneer. The eyes were rather large and rested in their sockets without animation, until the man himself was roused, and then they were kindled with much excitement. His mouth was large and vigorous in expression; but the most noticeable features of his countenance were the huge jaws, which in proportion to his general size were enormous, and gave a semblance of extraordinary animal energy to the lower parts of his face. The grandeur of his appearance was centred in his forehead, which was remarkable for height, width, and fulness. It would have suited any character, so great and striking was its development. It redeemed his countenance from its air of stern displeasure, and characteristic spleen, and by its grandeur arrested attention to a face that otherwise would never have rivetted the gaze of a spectator. Yet when his visage was scrutinised, a nice and keen observer might have discerned many suggestive traits imprinted on that apparently impassive face. There was at times an unmistakeable appearance of suppressed emotions upon his features, that truly told how strong was the tide of passion and energy

which flowed in Plunket's organization, and how stern was the control with which he mastered his impulses, governed his emotions, and swayed the passions with which nature had armed one of her hardiest sons. On the whole man there was decisively stamped an unmistakeable appearance of strength. His mind and body were equally muscular and sinewy; formed for resistance as well as agility, nothing flabby or unsound in either. With his nervous temperament, his masculine form, his large brain, and his powerful voice, he seemed modelled for the part he played, a political athlete of the first class—one of those rarely gifted men, who unite the intellect required for ruling others, with the eloquence and force demanded for moving public assemblies.

The English reader will not probably have discerned any grandeur of character in the moral qualities that have been assigned to Plunket. But let him pause before he adopts the opinion that there was nothing grand or elevating in the career of that famous person. If tried solely by an English standard, and with reference to English events, Plunket might pass from the reader's recollection, as a splendid

orator, and little more. But the great qualities which an Irishman may have exhibited in his native country, are oftentimes disregarded in England, perhaps through ignorance, perhaps through indifference.

Plunket was a very great man morally, as well as intellectually, because for forty years he led a most active public life in Ireland; and was perfectly free from all the pitiful and grovelling vices of contemporary Irish politicians. In tone, and political deportment, he was immeasurably superior to the noisy herd of Protestant fanatics, and Catholic demagogues of modern Ireland.

Incapable of playing the loathsome part of a grovelling pander to the contemptible prejudices of a provincial faction, he formed his own opinions by the light of his powerful mind, and never feared to express them with manly independence. He scorned the tribunitian artifices by which popularity is gained by public men in Ireland, and with supreme scorn derisively looked down on that wretched crew who spend their squabbling lives, fishing in troubled waters for the hollow and worthless applause of the querulous and inconstant Irish multitude.

And if he loathed the popularity hunting crew, so did he despise that swarm of courtly sycophants, whose first and last object is to obtain little places, from little men, by doing little things, in a little style. The howling fanatics—yelling against " Popery ;" the sordid hypocrites acting *sham* parts as Protestant alarmists ; the mean, vile, and pettifogging *mauvaise queue* of the Protestant Bar—all these were treated with stern contempt by Plunket. Over the petty provincial fanatics of both sides he toppled in his character, as much as he towered over them in talent, and in the calm grandeur of his powerful nature, splendidly rose above his Irish contemporaries, like a line of battle ship amidst a crowd of dirty market boats.

The charge of nepotism which has often been brought against Lord Plunket, is too much in the pettifogging Joe Humeian spirit to demand investigation. He gave places to his children, as many other dignitaries have often done. But in an age when there is an Elliott thrust into place at every naval station of England—when Greys, Ponsonbies, Dundases, Beresfords, &c., are found in every department

of the state service, it cannot be made very much matter of blame, if a man of Plunket's influence and power, should like other Peers, (Whig and Tory) have provided for his family. If he had reserved his great influence for his family alone, he might have been worthy of censure. But let it be told to Plunket's honor that no man was more generous or urgent in pressing the claims of meritorious persons to preferment.

A more substantial charge might be brought against Plunket on the ground of his supporting the (Melbourne) Whigs in a system of policy, to say the least, not very consistent with the scheme of government that he had previously recommended and enforced. We will presently see what treatment he received from those same (Melbourne) Whigs, after he had flung the weight of his talents and character into their cause.

Upon the whole when the prejudices of party are laid aside, and when Plunket is tried by a historical standard, it will be found that he possessed much greatness of character, as well as surpassing intellectual powers. And in Ireland

his name must awake many stirring associations that will endear his memory to the Irish public, who could ill afford, in their miserable dearth of great men, to part with the reputation of one of the greatest and most remarkable of modern senators. As the "incomparable" orator, who disputed the palm of eloquence with Grattan and Bushe in the Irish, and with Canning and Brougham in the English House of Commons, as the celebrated opponent of the Irish Union; as the unsurpassed advocate of the Catholic claims; as the *fidus Achates* of Grattan, and political associate of Lord Wellesley—Plunket will always occupy a lofty position in the estimation of his country. Let his enemies do what they can—let the scurrilous demagogue utter his slander—and the snarling Tory join Joe Hume in counting the income of the young Hannibals—they cannot rail the name of Plunket out of History's page. It will stand as that of a man who was a giant in mental power, and force of character—who if he had some selfishness had no baseness, and who gave the cause of just, rational, and enlightened government, a powerful support.

His colossal stature of mind will arrest men's attention, when they have ceased to be interested about the questions, that called forth the splendid manifestations of his powers.

## CHAPTER X.

# A REAL INSULT TO IRELAND.

> "In order to gratify that learned individual (Lord Campbell) with a six weeks' tenure of office, the people of Ireland were subjected to an affront, which, whatever the noble Lord (John Russell) may think of my disposition towards that country, I declare if I had offered them, I would not have retained office a single hour."
>
> SIR ROBERT PEEL. Feb. 24th, 1844.

WHEN the (Melbourne) Whigs found that they had lost all their Irish popularity, and when they discovered that in free and high-spirited England, a Ministry must secure itself in power, by some worthier means than by clinging to the skirts of

a youthful Queen, they became utterly reckless, and indifferent to all censure of their political conduct. "Any thing for an easy life," became the maxim of their *maire du palais* administration, and they were ready to yield and succumb to whichever of their supporters teased them with greatest pertinacity.

During the year 1840 some rumours were in circulation that Sir John Campbell, then Attorney General for England, was about to be sent by the (Melbourne) Whigs as Chancellor to Ireland. But the rumour was laughed at by all persons connected with Ireland; lawyers, and politicians alike treated the rumour as an absurd falsehood; and no Irish barrister, whether Whig or Tory, dreamed that so nerveless and effete an administration as Lord Melbourne's would have sufficient audacity to encounter the storm of obloquy, which would burst upon it, on the commission of an act so unjust and insulting to the Irish people.

It was asked,—Could it be possible that the Whigs would break through a part of the policy, that had been prescriptive in their party, which had always boasted of giving the Irish Chancellorship to a member of the Irish

Bar? In the last century, before the Irish Bar reached its great eminence, the Chancellor was always an Englishman. But in later times even Tory Ministers had made Fitz Gibbon a Chancellor, and though on the death of Fitz Gibbon, Lord Redesdale, an Englishman, was appointed, still the next Administration, (Fox, Grenville) raised Mr. Ponsonby, a member of the Irish Bar to the Chancellorship. It was very true that the Tory Ministers again recurred to the old *regime*, and gave the Irish Chancellorship as a prize to the *English* Bar; but in 1830, the Whigs gave it back to the Irish when they raised Plunket to that high post.

It was never believed possible that the (Melbourne) Whigs would have the temerity to send Lord Campbell to Ireland. Some of the Irish public were sufficiently credulous to believe in the (Melbourne) Whigs protestations of sympathy, and really considered that the eminence of Lord Plunket's reputation would preserve the Irish Bar from the ignominy of Lord Campbell being sent over to supersede in office, one of the greatest men that Ireland ever had produced.

The rumours died away, as the Scotchman, for a time, became less importunate, and as there opened some chance of providing for his ambition in England, without subjecting the feelings of the Irish to wanton and unnecessary outrage. But the last hours of the Melbourne Whigs drew near, and the hungry Scotchman could perceive no way of getting a title, or retiring from the Bar with dignity. Lord Denman showed not the least intention of dying or resigning, in order to gratify the title-loving ambition of that truly patrician lawyer, who had spoken at Edinburgh in such respectful terms of that assembly, into which he was so anxious to find an admission. Lords Abinger, and Langdale, and Chief Justice Tindal, remained in provokingly good health, and would by no means consent to exemplify the virtues of *resignation* for the mere purpose of exhilarating the spirits of the illustrious, the amiable, the modest, the self-humbling, "plain John." In his condescending humility he had once boasted to some of his northern associates, "And here I am, though Attorney General for England, and member for Edinburgh, still

plain John Campbell." Very plain, very plain indeed!

However, when the Melbourne Whigs had at last thoroughly exhausted every scheme of retaining pow— no! not power, but office— "John" was by no means anxious to remain "plain." He should decorate himself with a title! he should have an opportunity of outshining Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Peers! He must be the equal of Lord Brougham! "Plain John" was all very well with constituents, or rustic gulls, but it would by no means answer to descend from the Attorney Generalship as "plain John." He must be ennobled! Noble! Most Noble! Noblest of all the noble "plain Johns!"

Of the English Chancellorship he had no chance. For one of the most sensible acts of the (Melbourne) Whigs (in their dealings with the learned professions) was their decided preference of Pepys to Campbell in 1836. As he had been obliged to submit to having a Solicitor General raised over his head in 1836, so also, if Lord Cottenham had unfortunately died in 1840 or 1841, "plain John," would have had most probably to have undergone the same

humiliation again. But then there was the Irish Chancellorship! ha, *that* was something good! And what business had that old Plunket to keep it, while there was "plain John" ravenous for some office by which a peerage would be conferred?

The Irish public, however, though they might have easily guaged the ambition of "plain John" were by no means prepared for the despicable facility with which, in its dying moments, "the Magdalen Ministry" lent itself to the aggrandising designs of an English Attorney General.

In the summer of 1841, the rumours of Sir John Campbell, being sent to Ireland, were revived. But the public cried — "Is it *now*, when the Ministry is going out that they would send him here? Pooh! it's a most absurd report."

However, on the 18th of June, 1841, the Dublin public were astounded with the intelligence that Lord Plunket was hustled off the Bench, to make way for "Sir Cardigan Campbell," as the English Attorney-General was then aptly designated. At first the news was deemed incredible, but on inquiry it was found to be

too true. It seemed that on that day Mr. Connellan, the Secretary to the Lord-Chancellor, had come into the Hall of the Four Courts, and announced that the Chancellor was about to resign the seals to Sir John Campbell, and he further stated that it was the wish of Lord Plunket, that the Bar of Ireland should know that his retirement was not voluntary. So much was known for certainty. Only one opinion however prevailed at the time, that the resignation was forced from Lord Plunket by the importunities of Lord —— and Lord ——.

It would be totally impossible to describe the indignation felt in Dublin at the mean and wretched conduct of the Melbourne Whigs. It is not the least exaggeration to say that Dublin Society, from the highest to the lowest, became a furious mob, in the rage of its feelings and the fierceness of its language. Men of adverse parties vied with each other in their denunciation of the disgraceful conduct of the Government. The local pride of the Dublin public was much affronted at finding one, to whom they had for many years looked up with mingled feelings of admiration, and regard—

held so cheap in the estimation of the English Government, that a Lord Campbell was considered as entitled to displace him. Plunket had always been one of the "lions" of Dublin; strangers were always taken to see him, and the general public felt considerable pride in possessing a man so celebrated for his talents. And surely such pride is not blame-worthy. A country has a fair right to plume itself upon the great men to whom it has given birth. And the very want of illustrious characters now-a-days in Ireland, gave an extrinsic lustre, to Plunket that endeared him to the pride of a sensitive and aspiring people.

On the evening of the day upon which his resignation was positively announced, a circular had been sent round, convening a meeting of the Bar, and on the following day (Saturday) several members of the Profession assembled in the Rolls' Chamber. There was however considerable doubt entertained by the Bar generally as to what course ought to be pursued. On most occasions the Bar acts with great caution, and does not commit itself to open acts expressive of its opinions, (when dealing with the Executive), although it may entertain

very strong sentiments. An address however was immediately proposed to the Father of the Bar (Mr. Dickson), requesting of him to convene a meeting of the Profession, which address was signed by eighty-five men of all parties and religious persuasions. The meeting was fixed for Tuesday, 22nd of June.

Meantime, the public of Dublin, on the intervening Saturday and Sunday, were in a state of great excitement. It may be useful for the English reader to know the exact causes for their indignation. First—as a matter of national pride, it was felt as a sore insult that a man of Lord Plunket's historical celebrity should be displaced by such a person as Lord Campbell. Secondly—it was felt that when an expiring Ministry displaced one Chancellor, and appointed another for a tenure of six weeks, such conduct was disparaging the honour of the office. Thirdly—there was a wide spread feeling amongst both Tories and Liberals, that Irishmen should be employed as much as possible in the local Irish Executive. Fourthly—on the part of the Liberal politicians it was felt that the (Melbourne) Whigs had violated a principle of policy on which the

true Whigs had always prided themselves. For in 1834, when Sir Edward Sugden was appointed Chancellor during Sir Robert Peel's first Administration, the voice of all the Irish Whig party was raised against the appointment of an Englishman to office. Fifthly—the Bar of Ireland felt it to be a gross insult to send over such a man as Lord Campbell to the Irish Chancellorship. He had been refused the Chancellorship of England by the Melbourne party in 1836. Sir C. Pepys had been promoted over his head—so also had Mr. Bickersbeth, now Lord Langdale. In two remarkable instances, Sir John Campbell had been passed over. In short the feelings of the Irish Bar, at the nomination of Sir Cardigan Campbell to the Chancellorship, were excessively sore at the notion of "the tame offcast from the Bar of England" being sent over to preside in the Irish Chancery, when "plain John" had not ever been deemed worthy in England of obtaining the inferior appointment of the Rolls. In 1836, when Sir John Campbell allowed himself to be passed over twice, his conduct was taken to task by a writer of great ability, who has since distinguished himself as a Parli-

amentary debater. In those writings occur the following passages addressed specially to "the tame offcast from the Bar of England."

"But, whatever be your merits or defects, you are still the King's Attorney-General, and as the King's Attorney-General you have a prescriptive, if not a positive, right to claim any seat upon the judgment bench which becomes vacant during your official tenure. This prescriptive right has never been doubted in the profession. It has been understood and acted upon by members of the Bar, of all parties, and at all times. In recent days, Sir Robert Gifford, though a common law lawyer, succeeded to the equity tribunal of Sir Thomas Plomer. It is true that Sir Robert Gifford, for a very short time previous to his accession, had practised in the Court of Chancery, but the right of the Attorney-General to succeed under any circumstances was again recognised by Lord Eldon, when Sir John Copley, who had never been in an equity court in his life, became Master of the Rolls. On this occasion it is well known that Leach, the Vice-Chancellor, was anxious to succeed Lord Gifford,

but his request was not for a moment listened to in preference to the claim of the Attorney-General.

"In allowing a judge, who a very short time back was your inferior officer, to become Lord Chancellor of England, and in permitting a barrister, who had not even filled the office of Solicitor-General, to be elevated over your head into the seat of the Master of the Rolls, either you mast have esteemed yourself absolutely incompetent to the discharge of those great offices, or you must have been painfully conscious of your marked inferiority to both the individuals who were promoted in your teeth; or last, and bitterest alternative, you must have claimed your right, and been denied its enjoyment. In the first instance, you virtually declared that you were equally unfit for the office you at present hold, and what should have been your consequent conduct is obvious; in the second, you betrayed the interests of the Bar; and in the third, you betrayed not only the interests of the Bar, but its honour also.

"I believe that you claimed the office—that you claimed your right, and that you were refused it. That must have been a bitter

moment, Sir John Campbell—a moment which might have made you recollect, perhaps even repeat, the Johnsonian definition of a Whig.

*  *  *  *  *  *

"When therefore you were thus insulted, why did you not resent the insult? When your fair ambition was thus scurvily balked, why not have gratified it by proving to a sympathising nation that you were at least worthy of the high post to which you aspired? He who aims to be the guardian of the honour of the Crown should at least prove that he is competent to protect his own. You ought not to have quitted the minister's ante-chamber, the King's Attorney-General.

"Why did you then? Because, as you inform us, your lady is to be ennobled. Is it the carnival, that such jests pass current? Is it part of the code of etiquette in this saturnalia of Whig manners, that the honour of a man is to be vindicated by a compliment to a woman? One cannot refrain from admiring, too, the consistent propriety of the whole arrangement. A gentleman, whom his friends announce as a

resolved republican, and to whom, but for this slight circumstance, they assert would have been entrusted the custody of the Great Seal, is to be hoisted up into the House of Lords in the masquerade of a baron; while yourself, whose delicate and gracious panegyric of the Peers of England is still echoing from the movement benches of the House of Commons to the reeking cellars of the Cowgate, find the only consolation for your wounded honour in your son inscribing his name in the *libro d'oro* of our hereditary legislators."

Lastly—the public sentiment in Ireland was more or less affronted by a Scotchman being placed over the Irish Bar. In Ireland, as has already been remarked in this work, there is a stupid prejudice against Scotchmen, except amongst the limited class of the learned professions, who have naturally a strong admiration for that people, who have produced such a number of celebrities in all departments of science and literature. Lord Campbell, however, was not an illustrious Scotchman. He did not possess a famous name. He was an able, successful, common-place, common-law

lawyer, *voila tout.* He did not belong to that order of men, represented by the Murrays, the Erskines, the Broughams, the Jeffreys, and the Mackintoshes. In letters, politics, science, his reputation was nought. He was a mere every day sort of professional man, and nothing more. His Scotch birth was not qualified by literary fame or high political celebrity, and he accordingly attracted to himself the full force of the anti-Scotch prejudices of the Irish.

Thus—the English reader now sees how many were the causes which rendered the appointment of Lord Campbell so highly objectionable to the Irish people.

On June the 21st, it was announced that Plunket (it is unnecessary to put "Lord" before *his* name) would positively take his farewell of the Irish Bar, of which he had so long been the pride, in order to make room for, "the tame offcast from the Bar of England" *Lord* Campbell. Even at the last hour many could not believe it possible that the (Melbourne) Whigs could have made up their minds to set old Plunket adrift. A Lord Campbell being thrust into the place of

Plunket! A carrion crow roosting in the eyrie of an eagle!

The Court of Chancery was crowded with vast numbers of the Bar, who were assembled to witness Plunket's last appearance in any public capacity. The Court is a large one, equally spacious in breadth with the Queen's Bench at Westminster Hall, but much loftier. The Chancellor's seat is raised very much above the level of the floor, and there is a wide intermediate space between the Bench and Bar, so much as to necessitate considerable physical exertion in the part of an advocate addressing the Court. For the last time Plunket sat on the Bench, but he seemed to feel less than any member of the Bar before him. He appeared calm, and preserved his inflexible austere countenance. After having decided two or three causes, in one of which he alluded "to the person who was to succeed him in the office he then filled," he enquired of the registrar whether there were any other causes remaining over, and received an answer in the negative.

Mr. Greene, (now Solicitor General for Ireland) was the first Serjeant, and as senior of the Bar then present, rose and addressed his

Lordship. It was to be regretted that some one of more oratorical talent, and capable of giving eloquent utterance to the feelings that generally prevailed, did not speak upon the occasion, but as it was, Mr. Greene's words were simple, true, and unaffected, and the sentence in italics, which refutes the calumny of the (Melbourne) Whigs, that Plunket's powers were decaying, demands particular attention.

Mr. Sergeant Greene spoke as follows: —

"I presume, my Lord, it is not your Lordship's intention to sit again in this court; I therefore rise, as the senior in rank of the members of the Bar now present, and with the full concurrence of the brethren of my profession (here all the members of the bar present rose simultaneously) to address your Lordship a few words before your retirement from that bench over which your Lordship has for many years presided." (Lord Plunket then arose from his seat, and advanced to the front of the bench.) The learned sergeant proceeded :—"My Lord, we are anxious to express to your Lordship the sense we entertain, not only of the ability the learning, the patience, and the assiduity

which have marked your Lordship's administration of the high and important functions committed to your lordship's charge, but also, my lord, of the courtesy, kindness, and attention which we have all personally experienced at your lordship's hands, in the discharge of our professional duties in this court. We gratefully acknowledge, my lord, the disposition you have ever shown to accommodate us all—a disposition by which we all admit your lordship was ever actuated, without regard to personal circumstances or to our political feelings or predilections. We trust, my lord, it will be said that this feeling on our part will be as general and as universal, as the kindness on your part has been uniform and uninterrupted. My lord, it is needless for us to dwell here, for the purpose of commenting upon the talents and the endowments which have raised your lordship to the high position from which you are now about to retire. They are, my lord, recorded in our history, and they will long live among the proudest recollections of our countrymen. From a sense of these, we offer to you our present tribute of *the profoundest admiration and respect; and, my lord, it is gratifying*

*for us to add, that at no period of your lordship's career have they ever shone in greater lustre than at this moment.* My lord, with warmest wishes for your lordship's happiness in that retirement, which none is more fitted than your lordship to adorn, we respectfully bid your lordship farewell."

After the Attornies had addressed him, Plunket for the last time gave a specimen of his manly and nervous style. Amidst a dead silence he spoke as follows:—

"It would be great affectation on my part if I were to say that I do not feel to a considerable degree at the prospect of retiring from a profession, at which I have for a period of more than fifty years of my life been actively engaged—a period during which I have been surrounded by friends, many of them warm ones, (his lordship then paused evidently much affected)—without exception—many of them are now no more—some of them, nay many of them I see at this moment around me. This retirement from the active scenes in which I have been so long engaged, and which have

become as it were incorporated with my life, I cannot help feeling, and feeling deeply. It has however, in some degree been alleviated by the prospect of the repose which is probably better suited to this period of my life, and which perhaps would have earlier induced me to retire but for events of a particular description which have latterly occurred; but independent of this I must say that any pain I would have felt has been more than alleviated by the kind and affectionate address which has been offered to me by my friend Sergeant Greene, and which has been so cordially assented to by the membsrs of both professions. I am not unconscious that in the discharge of those duties, my ability for which has been so overrated by my friend Sergeant Greene, I have been led into expres sions of impatience which had been much better avoided; for any pain that I have given in doing so, or any feelings that I have hurt, I sincerely apologise, and I am grateful to the profession for not having attributed to inclination any such observations; and I must say that whatever any such expressions may have been, they never have influenced me. It is a sentiment that I trust never will influence

me; and I am now able to say that in retiring from my profession I do not carry with me any other sentiment than that of affectionate consideration for all and every member of the profession. Now with respect to the particular circumstances which have occurred, and the particular succession which is about to take place in this court, it will become me to say very little. For the individual who is to occupy the situation I now fill, I entertain the highest political and personal respect—no one can feel it more so—but I owe it as a duty to myself and the members of the bar to state that, for the changes which are to take place I am not in the slightest degree answerable; *I have no share in them, and have not directly or indirectly given them my sanction.* In yielding my assent to the proposition which has been made for my retiring, I have been governed solely by its having been requested as a personal favor by a person to whom I owe so much, that a feeling of gratitude would have rendered it morally impossible that I could have done otherwise than to resign. When I look at the Bar before me, and especially the number of those who might have sat efficiently

in this judicial place, I am bound to say that for all those great ingredients which are calculated to enable them to shine as practitioners, and as members of the Bar, or as gentlemen, for candour, for courtesy, knowledge, and ability—I challenge competition—I challenge the very distinguished Bars of either England or Scotland, and I do not fear that those I have the honor of addressing would suffer in the comparison. To them, for their repeated kindnesses I am deeply indebted. I do assure them that when I retire into quiet life, I will cherish in my heart the affectionate kindness and attention which I experienced at their hands.

During part of his farewell speech he was very much affected, especially when he alluded to his old friends. After bowing repeatedly to the Bar he left the Court, accompanied by his steady and faithful friend, Sir Michael O'Loghlen, who on that day had left his Court for the purpose of being present at the leave taking of Plunket. The late Master of the Rolls was indignant at the conduct of the (Melbourne) Whigs. His son, Sir Colman O'Loghlen was one of the first to sign the requisition for a

meeting to protest against the appointment of Sir Cardigan Campbell.

In the meantime various and able were the attempts to excite the public mind upon the question of Plunket's eviction from office. He had never been exactly *popular* with the crowd, and some of the malignant Tories exulted over his fall, from power, while some of the sneaking (Melbourne) Whigs brought up his conduct to Emmett, and other stories in order to divert public sympathy from him. But all such attempts were in vain; and those who made them were skilfully encountered in various quarters, as thus:—

"But what has Lord Plunket done for the people of this country, that we should feel sympathy with him now? Catholics of Ireland, answer the question! Tell me not of his faults—do not count up his errors to me; I know them as well as you—yes, and I lament them just as much. Recollect that men are not to be judged in this world, nor I trust *elsewhere*, merely by their faults; their virtues, their good qualities, and their great deeds, must influence a decision on their deserts. Far be it from me

to palliate the evil deeds of public men; but I insist that, while you fearlessly censure their aberrations from the path of rectitude, you must also bestow on them your approbation for the good which they have effected in their time. Lord Plunket defended the Manchester massacre, and he prosecuted the Catholic Association. Pshaw! this is not the way in which history decides upon the characters of the great. By adopting such a test, you would destroy the glory of all the great spirits who have niches in human memory. By such a rule Charles Fox should be held up to execration, because he joined Lord North, and changed his political opinions with reckless inconsistency; Sheridan should be loathed as the intriguing deceiver of 1812; Burke should be anathematised as the pensioner of George the Third; Canning should only be remembered as the hired defender of the Perceval ministry; Chatham should be characterized as a mere trafficker of his talents, selling himself to his Sovereign for a peerage and a pension; Grattan should be merely thought of as the jealous rival of Flood, and the advocate of the Insurrection Act of 1808; Flood himself should only be regarded as the

foe of the Catholic claims. In short, if persons will look only at the evil deeds of the great, the most preposterous conclusions must be come to. Lord Bacon must be considered as an atrocious knave, and Sir Harry Vane must be detested as the purloiner of private papers!"

On the day after Plunket bade the Bar farewell, about a hundred and fifty of the Profession assembled under the presidency of Mr. Dickson—Queen's Counsel—the Father of the Bar.

After some very brilliant speaking, the following address to the Queen was resolved on:—

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"*The humble Address of the Bar of Ireland.*

"Your Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, the members of the bar of Ireland, approach your Majesty with the deepest attachment to your Majesty's person and throne.

"The members of the bar of Ireland assure your Majesty that they view with the deepest

respect, every branch of your royal prerogative, and acknowledge with gratitude your Majesty's gracious anxiety to regard, in the exercise of that prerogative, the interests and wishes of every class of your Majesty's subjects, when founded in justice, and known to your Majesty.

"The highest judicial office in Ireland having lately become vacant, (an office, heretofore, occasionally filled by members of the English bar,) the members of the bar of Ireland beg leave most respectfully to submit to your Majesty, that, inasmuch as all judicial offices in England are uniformly filled by members of the English bar, so, in justice to your Majesty's faithful Irish subjects, all judicial offices in Ireland ought to be filled uniformly from the Irish bar—and they trust that amongst that body will be always found persons worthy to fill such offices, and deserving of your Majesty's confidence.

"THOMAS DICKSON, Q.C.,

"*Father of the Bar of Ireland.*"

But in Ireland there must be opposition to everything. Accordingly a respectable portion of the Bar, determined to oppose the principle

enunciated in the address. A protest against the address was circulated on Friday, June 25, and received the signatures of one hundred and forty-eight members of the Profession, amongst whom were nineteen Queen's Counsel, of whom the most eminent were Blackburne—(now Master of the Rolls)—Smith and Greene, (now Attorney and Solicitor-General), and Keatinge, (now Judge of the Prerogative Court).

But on the other hand, numbers refused to sign the Protest against the principle of having an Irishman for the Chancellorship. Amongst those, who thus refused, were Pennefather, (now Chief-Justice of Ireland)—Lefroy, (now Baron of Exchequer, and Privy Councillor) — Moore, ex-Solicitor-General — and several Queen's Counsel, including Hatchell—Fitzgibbon—Brooke—Monahan, (late Counsel to the Castle), and others. And amongst those who were believed to have disapproved very strongly of the protest against the principle of having an Irishman for Chancellor, were Pigot, (late Attorney-General, and Privy Councillor) —Serjeant Stock—Jackson, now Judge of Common Pleas—Henn, Queen's Counsel, and various others.

There are about twelve hundred and fifty members of the Irish Bar. Of these about a hundred and fifty were present at the Meeting presided over by the Father of the Bar, and one hundred and forty-eight dissented from the principle affirmed at that meeting. On the other hand, there were numbers who resented the eviction of Plunket, who nevertheless would not commit themselves to a principle, that smacked too racily of "Nationality."

The effect produced, however, by the energy of the anti-Campbell Agitation, is best shewn by the declaration of the present Premier of England, who in the Session of 1842 explicitly stated in Parliament that but for his previous engagements with Sir Edward Sugden, he would have felt himself bound in justice to the Bar of Ireland, to select an Irishman for the office of Chancellor.

As a compliment to Plunket the Bar determined to give him a Levée. Nearly all the practising members of the profession waited upon him at his mansion in Stephen's Green. So numerous a Bar Levée had never before been witnessed in Ireland. It was thronged by Tories—Conservatives—High Whigs—Low

Whigs — Radicals — Corn Exchangers — and honest Repealers. Several of the Judges were present; the Master of the Rolls, who hated all kind of pomp, put on his state robes for the occasion, and since the days when Charlemont House was in its glory, so many influential persons had never gathered under the roof of a private individual in Ireland.

The (Melbourne) Whigs writhed with torture on finding what a storm Plunket had caused. The parting blow which he administered to them produced great effect, for the general election was at hand, and the Campbell job was declaimed against in England at every hustings, and the conduct of Ministers in pressing a resignation upon Plunket, was commented upon in most quarters with stinging severity. All the Tories exulted at the grossness of the blunder committed by the expiring Ministry, and the canvassing Liberals resented it as a stupid insult to the feelings of the Irish. Politicians saw in the act, the last throe of the Irish Whig party, and "Young Ireland," gloated over it as a precious manifestation of English contempt for every thing Irish. Nor were there wanting those, who saw in the treat-

ment of Plunket by the (Melbourne) Whigs, that characteristic indifference to old and faithful servants, which may with too much justice be imputed to the Whigs. The greatest statesman their party ever had was never admitted to the Cabinet, and when he was compelled by his principles to sever himself from the Foxites, with what venom and slander was the reputation of Burke assailed! Against Sheridan's admission to the Cabinet, the Whig pride revolted, though his claims were generously urged by Charles Fox. In 1812 the most flattering proposals were made to Mackintosh by Mr. Perceval. But in 1827, when the Whigs had the power of nominating four members to the Cabinet, great was the surprise of George Canning at finding that the name of Mackintosh was not amongst those presented to him. In 1830, the Whigs could find no other way of honouring such a man as Mackintosh, than by presenting him with a Commissionership, which he had refused twenty years before! Such was the manner in which they requited the services of a valuable life, given to their cause by one of the profoundest intellects, and benignant natures that ever shed

lustre on a party. Thus too an Attorney-Generalship was *generously (!)* offered in 1830 to the man who had actually dragged the Whig party up the hill, and tugged it over its difficulties. Thus too the long and faithful services of Henry Parnell were disregarded and passed over, and others with not half of his abilities promoted over his head. And thus Plunket in advanced life, but in full possession of his powers, was hustled off the Bench in order to make room for the illustrious *Lord* Campbell!

Aye! and after that very Plunket had been obliged to yield up the Mastership of the Rolls in England, the *Lord* Campbell, who had not been deemed worthy even by the (Melbourne) Whigs, of filling a secondary Equity Judgeship in England, was by those very men forced down upon the people of Ireland, and the highest legal post in that country was given to a man, who because his wife got a title, consented to retain the Attorney-Generalship after his inferiors had been promoted over his head.

But the (Melbourne) Whigs were severely punished for their conduct. By their eviction of Plunket, they demonstrated how completely

a matter of affectation was their sympathy with Ireland and the Irish. They also showed how little fitted they were to govern such a people as the Irish. For the grossness of the insult in forcing Plunket to give way to *Lord* Campbell, was only to be matched by the gross ignorance of the self-styled statesmen, who supposed that they would be permitted to act with impunity towards the Irish Chancellor of Ireland.

The Melbourne Ministry forsooth knew the art of governing the Irish! The Melbourne Ministry, indeed, could rule Ireland with more success than Lord Wellesley! What a pretty specimen of their capacity for affairs, they exhibited when they crammed down a Scotch Chancellor on the Irish Bar—when they gave the first place in Ireland to a man who would not even get a second Equity Judgeship in England! What consideration for Irish feelings! What perception of Irish sympathies and aversions!

Let not the English reader think that the present writer exaggerates the nature of the insult offered to the pride of Ireland by the Ministry of Lord Melbourne. Sir Robert

Peel from his place in Parliament has spoken in the following terms of that insult.

"I had difficulties to encounter, which I know the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) had not to deal with, in overlooking the claims of candidates for the appointment of Lord Chancellor. ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) The noble lord has exhibited examples of resolution and virtue in respect of that office of Chancellor which, since the "*atrox animus Catonis*," have hardly been equalled. (Laughter.) The noble lord had the good fortune to be connected with a man—a faithful friend of the Whig party, the pride of the bar of Ireland, the ornament of the British Senate, the friend of Mr. Grattan. He had the happiness of being connected with Lord Plunket, whose name will go down to remote posterity as one of the brightest ornaments that shine in the constellation of Irish eminence. (Hear, hear.) Lord Plunket was the son of a Presbyterian minister; he raised himself, in his own country, to the rank of Chancellor, and the Irish bar rejoiced in his elevation. The noble lord opposite (Lord J. Russell) thinks it necessary to consult the pre-

judices and feelings of the Irish people; he taunts us with overlooking Irish claims—with making English appointments. The noble lord had a Chancellor, the most eminent man the bar of Ireland ever produced; and six weeks before the noble lord quitted office (loud and prolonged cheering from the Ministerial benches), he, so sensitive as to Irish feelings—he, so jealous of offence offered to Ireland—he, so jealous of the preference of Englishmen—he, having that man as Chancellor whose connexion with them was the pride and boast of the Whig party—he signified to the Irishman, to Lord Plunket, to the Chancellor, that it was expedient for him to retire. (Loud cheers from the Ministerial side.) And for what—so far at least as the public is apprized! (A laugh.) In order that he might gratify the vanity of, certainly an eminent and distinguished lawyer, of whom I wish to speak with the respect which I feel for him—but, in order to gratify the vanity of a Scotchman. (Great laughter and cheering.) In order to gratify that noble and learned individual with a six weeks' tenure of office, the people of Ireland were subjected to an affront which, whatever

the noble lord may think of my disposition towards that country, I declare if I had offered them, I would not have retained office a single hour. (Loud and continued cheers from the Ministerial benches.)

# CHAPTER XI.

## YOUNG IRELAND.

"Extorted praise and forced itself a way."

DRYDEN.

"There is nothing so bad, which will not admit of something to be said in its defence."

STERNE.

THE MELBOURNE WHIGS would fain have the public believe that their system of Irish Administration had extinguished Repeal. They boast that the Ebrington Government was distinguished by the absence of agitation. But even if their boast was true, which it is not, they

forget to add, that the Mulgravizing system was also distinguished by the birth, and speedy growth of "Young Ireland," which came into being, actually under the eyes of Lord Ebrington.

When Mr. O'Connell, aided by the Melbournists, had smashed the Irish Whig party, there were many minds in Ireland condemned to total inactivity. Several persons withdrew from the scene of public life, and sought refuge in retirement from the disgusting system of politics, founded by the Corn Exchangers, and sanctioned by the easy administration of Lord Melbourne. There are few things more disheartening than to meet in Irish society a man, whose original nature was joyous and gallant, turned into a morose cynic, in consequence of the savage injustice of some tyrannical section of the popular party. Whoever knows Ireland well, must know of many an accomplished and even gifted person, who has been yelled off the political stage, because he would not lick the dust from the shoes of a demagogue; because he preserved with manly pride, his personal and mental independence; because he would not truckle, or grovel down; because with the manners of a gentleman he chose to

retain the morals of a Man. On the temporary triumph of the Tail party, not a few such men were cast into private life, and their public reputations stoned by a trained mob of dirty demagogues, instructed to pelt down every person who would dare to be a "Liberal," and at the same time refuse to kneel before an overbearing political dictator.

The Irish Whig party became extinct, or rather let us hope fell into abeyance. The Melbournists obtained their political existence, solely by sharing power with the Agitators, and the Mulgravizing process effectually completed what the Corn Exchange system had energetically begun. As it had been part of the Corn Exchange doctrines that there was not (from 1830 to 1835) the slightest difference between a Tory and a Whig, so it was a striking consequence of the Mulgravizing system (from 1835 to 1841) to leave no preceptible difference on the public mind between a Whig and an Agitator. If the Mulgravizers were entitled to class themselves as Whigs, argued some of the aspiring Tribunes, why should not the Agitators also? The name "Whig" was more genteel, and had an *air de salon* about it

—it had not such a stench of the miry ways of agitation as "Repealer." It short it was a better name to go to Court with, in cocked hat and silk stockings. Oh! it was rare to see the Irish Whigs *à la Mulgrave.* They differred as much from "Whigs," (as that term was understood by Burke—Mackintosh—Brougham—Grey—Grattan—Wellesley) as paving stones do from pine apples.

The Irish Whig party being crushed down, nothing remained but the party of Castle Agitators, whose object as described by Mr. Sharman Crawford was "to convert Ireland into a depot of Castle Hacks." So far, Agitation was indeed formidable when it had destroyed that vast political interest, which for sixty years had been represented and maintained by the Ponsonbies — the Grattans — the Currans — the Parnells — the Carews — the Boyles — the Kings—the Fitzgeralds—the Brabazons—and others.

Now when Agitation had got so far as to be recognised by the Government as an executive instrument; when persons charged with the executive authority, had converted agitation into a means of ruling, the following questions

were asked by some shrewd, enterprizing spirits, who were animated by patriotic sentiments, and covetous of "a large existence."

"It was asked, "Why should not Agitation do a great deal more? Why should not Agitation be used not for ruling a province, but for nationalizing its politics altogether? Is it enough to rest content that there is a short cut from the Castle to Downing Street, and a much shorter cut from the Corn Exchange to the Castle? Surely if Agitators can rise into being Colleagues Extraordinary of the English Cabinet, why should not they rise to the historical glory of creating a new Ireland, and destroying the oppressive British Empire? Agitation is now a means of ruling—the Premier has gladly accepted it from the Tribune—is that enough? No! it must go still further; instead of being the means for governing a province with considerable but uncertain popularity, it must be the wedge for tearing asunder the mighty Empire of Great Britain. Out upon the wretched scheme of using Agitation merely as the irresistible means of extorting places from a weak and tremulous Administration! Hence-

forward let it be used for popular instruction—for historical glory—for National Regeneration. Let us ourselves be nobly and splendidly ambitious; let us consecrate that ambition to our native land—let us exalt and animate the grovelling middle classes of our country, with aspirations soaring as our own!"

Such were the questions raised by more than one person, in 1839 and 1840, in the last of which year "Young Ireland" made its *debut* on the Irish political stage.

The Corn Exchange system, even in the palmiest days of Melbourneism had never been allowed to drop; it was kept alive with much foresight, for if that had been let decay, a bolder party, who had partly consented to compromise, would probably have rushed upon the scene. Repeal Journalists were apparently furious and irreconcileable, and dire declamations were constantly poured forth, rendered harmless only by their monotony and vulgarity. Suddenly however, a series of extraordinary articles appeared in the most moderate of the popular papers, called the *Morning Register*. Those articles were of the stamp of that writing of "the Nation," perhaps they were abler.

They arrested public attention, not so much by their fiery spirit, or impassioned style, as by their earnest character, and the remarkable amount of cogitative power brought to bear upon the question, "How to break the English yoke in Ireland?" They were evidently not the articles of a rhetorician, or a mob orator; they were the productions not only of a thinking mind, but also of a mind of very high order. Whether more than one person was engaged in them was not, or has not since been known, but they were read far and wide by men of all parties, and they immediately attracted the attention of the London and Parisian Journalists. Judging by the matter of the compositions, the writer was a man of military intellect, who looked at men in masses and scientifically calculated the best mode of shaping events by large combinations. He was a democrat, but not one of sentiment like Edward Fitz Gerald or Robert Emmett, or mere utilitarian computation like the Benthamites. He seemed as if he aimed at being a mixture of Jefferson and Carnot.

Such was the birth of "Young Ireland." About the same period (1840 and 1841) several

collegians, and young barristers unfurled the standard of ultra-nationality, and shouted "down with the Whigs," with lusty vigour. In all available quarters they put forth their sentiments, and it must be admitted displayed considerable talent in their manifestations. In short they made the *nucleus* of a party, which when backed with popular support threatened to be sufficiently formidable to raise apprehension at one side, and hopeful expectations at the other.

At first they were sneered at as "boys," and derision came from those who were nearest to them by political sentiment and position; for rightly does the illustrious historian comment on the "*acerrima proximorum odia.*" Political hostility on the side of Tories, and disappointed ambition on the other, (of abortive demagogues, and incompetent agitators) characterised "Young Ireland" as "puerile," "absurd," and treated its lucubrations as "romantic nonsense." But persons of discernment could not help remarking, that the intellect and accomplishments shown by "Young Ireland," were not of a puerile char-

acter, that on the contrary they were essentially manlike.

In Politics, the rivalry between opponents and avowed adversaries is mild and even harmless in its character compared with that between individuals who sit on the same side—give the same votes—affect the same purposes—and profess common sympathies. Bolingbroke and Harley hated each other more than either of them detested Walpole; Burke and Sheridan (from 1786 to 1790, while Sheridan with his winning popular style, was gaining upon Burke in the estimation of his party while they both sat together,) Castlereagh and Canning from 1807 to 1815; Brougham and Tierney from 1816 to 1822, and it may be added Brougham and Melbourne from 1833 to 1835; Peel and Lyndhurst from 1831 to 1839; were individuals between whom there was more rivalry and personal antagonism, than between their avowed party opponents. Burke was more mortified at Sheridan's than at Pitt's parliamentary successes; Canning hated Castlereagh even more than he did Lord Grey; assuredly Tierney felt more cordial admiration for the genius of Canning than for Brougham's rising powers, and Lord Lynd-

hurst oftentimes felt less hostility to Melbourne than to Peel. For in politics it is easier to forgive your triumphant foe than your too successful friend.

"Young Ireland" at its first start had to encounter the hostile criticism of many who professed themselves its allies. The poetry in particular was derided. But when the Quarterly Review and the Times admitted the ability displayed in the literature of "Young Ireland," the very same persons who had been the first to sneer and jibe, were then ready heartily to applaud! The "world" and its votaries are the same throughout the globe.

The objects and political intentions of "Young Ireland" may be stated as follows:—Its aim is to nationalise Ireland thoroughly—to give Ireland to the Irish—to have every thing Irish — politics — manners — associations—hopes — fears. It believes that Ireland never could have any natural development within the British Empire, and that while the Union exists the Irish will be slaves. It seeks to paint the Past of Irish History, so as to intensify the politics of the present

age with the associations of antiquity, and it endeavours to exalt its contemporaries with glowing pictures of the future. It thirsts to wipe out the disgrace of English Conquest in Ireland, and it is eager to vindicate the honour of the country at all points even the most trivial.

Its leading political dogma is that Ireland must have an age of ACTION. The physical development of the resources of the soil; the literary education of the people; the refinement and awakened intelligence of the middle classes; the improvement of the Catholic Priesthood—all such questions it estimates highly, but it is far from considering them as *ends* worth arousing popular passions to attain. "Young Ireland" maintains that the country must *act*—that it must produce EVENTS—that it must exert itself, and palpably exhibit to the world that the Irish People have a will of their own, and that they will obey the promptings of that will.

Young Ireland insists vigorously, that an age of action must precede the other ages in a genuine national development. It points to all the nations that have enjoyed historical renown,

and bids you mark the age of action preceding those of refinement—the Arts—Literature—and Science. Without national deeds, it insists that there can be no real moral life in a country, for an Ireland analogous to Scotland — that is to say, a prosperous, happy, and civilised people, with a crowd of philosophers, poets, historians illustrating its mind — contented to dwell within the range of an Empire, and that Empire the greatest in the world—such an idea of national development is not enough to satisfy the fiery and extravagant ambition of ardent—sanguine—and passionate Young Ireland!! "Ourselves Alone" is its Motto, and it cries to its followers—

> "The foolish word 'impossible'
> At once for aye disdain,
> No power can bar a people's will
> A people's right to gain.
> Be bold, united, firmly set,
> Nor flinch in word or tone,
> We'll be a glorious nation yet,
> REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE!"

Yet on the very starting of its system of

national propagandism, how curiously it refutes its own teaching, and its own mode of reading history! It says that a nation must begin with deeds, and that the moral and intellectual development will follow. Yet "Young Ireland" shrinks from anything like a deed. It says *we* must be content to remember, and to make the people remember—to learn ourselves in order that we may instruct the people; let us be content to utter sentiments—record grievances — pourtray sufferings — enunciate principles—unfold schemes—let us reflect—calculate—aspire—aye, *every thing but* ACT. Others at a future time must do that.

"Young Ireland" teaches that a nation must commence with actions. Its own part is to moralise—in order that actions may follow. Thus it at once confesses by its conduct that it is speculative—and not practical; illustrative, and not active—in short that it chaunts mighty deeds of other days, without doing any of its own, and that it seeks to instruct Irish posterity how to behave to England, its own part being to speculate—and record—to think——to sigh — to scold—to denounce, but

not to lift a hand. It behaves thus, while it sings—

> " A patriot flame and endearing emotion,
> Are wanting to bless the sweet isle of the ocean,
> Yet Erin is worthy of love and devotion,
> Awake, then awake, and lie DREAMING no more."

It gloats over the recollection of past massacres; it kindles with the recollection of former battle fields; it thunders against the dead tyrants of former times—for example—

> " Can the depth of the ocean afford you not graves,
> That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves,
> To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow,
> Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aharlow ?
>
> * * * * *
>
> By the souls of Heremon our warriors may smile,
> To remember the march of the foe through our isle,
> Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
> And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray.
>
> The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
> And the gems on their helmets were bright to behold,
> By Saint Bride of Kildare ! but they mov'd in fair show,
> To gorge the young eagles of dark Aharlow !"

Young Ireland is never so powerful as when

portraying the Past. It picturesquely portrays even the forgotten, or neglected incidents of Irish History and of Irishmen in every clime—

> " Saarsfield is dying on Landen's plain,
> His corslet hath met the ball in vain,
> As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
> He sighs ' Oh! that this was for fatherland!'
>
> Saarsfield is dead, but no tears shed we,
> He died in the arms of victory,
> And his dying words shall edge the brand
> When we chase the foe from our native land.

It powerfully gives poetical expression to the passions that prevailed in the seventeenth century, as for example in the most striking and spirited of its ballads—

> " Joy, joy, the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride,
> And see our crackling bon-fires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
> And gladsome bell, and bugle horn, from Newry's captured towers,
> Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is OURS!

* * * * *

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us into earth.
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth,
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not WE but THEY have bred,
Yes! this is their own work, and now THEIR WORK BE ON THEIR HEAD.

Yet the gifted and accomplished writer of those stirring lines in one of his sonnets entitled the "Spirit of the Times," addresses one engaged in mere literary activity.

"——Our land hath called her sons
From solitudes and cities, courts and marts,
To fight her fight, and lo! what eager hearts,
Answer her call. But not with blades and guns.

Just so. Anything but *acting* up to the sentiments uttered, and aspirations poured forth with so much genius of expression, and so much literary talent.

Thus Young Ireland seeks its action in demonstration—in illustrating passions—exciting hostile spirit, but not imitating in practice any of the heroes whom it celebrates. It *sings* against the Irish Arms Bill—

"——Let each door be unbarred,
Deliver your arms, and then—stand on your guard!"

It chaunts a glorious requiem for the men of '98.

> " And we will pray that from their clay,
> Full many a race may start,
> Of true men like you men,
> To act as brave a part."

It teaches that Ireland wants an age of action, and it is content to *pray* for it!

There is a saying of Fletcher of Saltoun's, which has been quoted until one is weary of hearing it. " Give me the making of a people's songs, and I will care little who shall make its laws." Young Ireland defends itself with this saying. It says that it assumes a mission of national propagandism, and that it is content—

> ' Martemque accendere cantu.'

But with all respect for Fletcher of Saltoun, political power does not depend upon sentiment. " All power, says Hume, even the most despotic rests ultimately upon opinion." But no two things with an apparent resemblance, are in reality more different than sentiment and

opinion. They differ as widely as feeling does from conviction, or fancy from reason. Sentiment is vague, opinion is definite. One is transient, and liable to a thousand changes—the other varies its phases only with corresponding alterations in the circumstances from which it has been evolved. One derives its birth from only a few of the mental faculties; for the production of the other, all the powers of the mind are required. The first expires in eloquence and expression; the other lives in induction and ideas. Sentiment is a flower—a toy—a thing of taste—it is beautiful or loathsome; opinion is a tool—a weapon—a thing of use—it is formidable and dangerous. Sentiment is often involuntary, but opinion is a matter of WILL—hence its enormous power.

Thus in politics, authority built upon opinion is not endangered by the tide of sentiment, any more than some castle on the sea shore is in peril from the foam and spray of the angry ocean, that impotently lashes its foundations. What a quantity of sentiment was in favour of the Jacobite party, but how light made Walpole of their Highland bards, and all the angry prejudices and mournful recollections

of the followers of the Stuarts! For there was much *sentiment* against the Hanoverian dynasty, but *opinion* was in its favour. So too in France what a quantity of *sentiment* has been poured forth against "the system" (as Louis Philippe and his family are called) but what can the sentiment *do?* Or look to Italy with its laws made by Austria for centuries, despite of all its glorious songs, its imprecations against foreign tyrants, and its *sentiments* against alien sway.

And thus in Ireland the *sentiment* of all the lower nation is hostile to England, but whatever of *opinion* exists in it may be termed as favourable to English authority. If there be six centuries of tyranny to justify anti-English sentiments, there are also six centuries of victorious Imperialism to justify the persuasion that, for weal or woe, England and Ireland are bound together by indissoluble ties, and to give abundant cause for entertaining the opinion that it is vain to resist the British Power, and that it is much better to try and have a century or two of peace, social development, and popular improvement, than a dreary continuation of baffled attempts, discomfitted hopes — a beggared population—a broken-hearted country.

But "Young Ireland" prefers to remember and to hope, than to observe and to reason. It likes to indulge in sentiment, and is averse from forming a cool and wary opinion.

Young Germany dreams—Young France quarrels — Young England says prayers — Young America swindles—and Young Ireland sings.

# CHAPTER XII.

## YOUNG IRELAND.

> His fir'd soul flashing o'er his face,
> 'Mid the cheerless waste forlorn,
> Mark yon stripling's wayward pace!
> Often though he heaves a sigh,
> Inspiration's in his eye.
>
> GENIUS EXCUSED.

But let us be thoroughly just to Young Ireland. Using the eclectic standard of a comprehensive Imperialism, let us guage its amount of good and evil.

There is a class of Imperialists who propose

to govern Ireland without the slightest regard to local feelings, or to Irish prejudices. They would wish to obliterate Ireland in the map of the Empire, and to substitute West Britain. They would first deride all Irish instincts, malign all Irish character, and then proceed to treat a concursive and semi-celtic population, as if it inherited the individualism and characteristic phlegm of English nature. This school of Imperialists is one made up of Whigs, Whig-Radicals, and Economists, steeped to the lips in the chilling philosophy of Benthamism. Many of them as individuals reject the tenets of the Benthamite creed, but when they deal as politicians with the interests of Ireland, they overlook all the acquired and natural distinctions between the countries, and require the Irish to grovel down in abject and slavish subserviency to England. They would not leave to Ireland a memory, a proud recollection, a generous native impulse, or a single natural character of any kind. They would try and reduce it into being the tame and commonplace copyist of England.

Vain, conceited, shallow, most ridiculous of schools! Knowledge of life, knowledge of the human heart, as well as the perusal of history,

might have taught you that nations can more easily be brought to part with their political liberties, than with their national characters; that they are more ready to give up the chance of acquiring power, than to resign those great original marks of natural distinctiveness, stamped by the force of nature.

The Church of Rome is beyond all comparison the most successful instance of Imperialism, that is of Government, centralised in one particular spot, and swaying the people of various climes and nations, by a particular code of principles. Yet, though within her own dominions—within the circle of those who give her religious obedience—even *she* cannot prevent her own Catholic system of religion, from being coloured with the characteristic peculiarities of the different nations. How different is the style of English Catholicism from French Catholicism—of French from German Catholicism—of German from Spanish—of Spanish from American Catholicism! Of course between all, there is a real conformity of original principles, but in appearance, in tone, in sentiment, how different, how various!

And so ought it to be in the British empire. Is it perfectly impossible to obliterate the

national characteristics of the Scotch and Irish. Their politics, but not their popular characters can be imperialised. The policy of destroying all local feelings in Ireland is an insane one, and productive of the very worst consequences. It arouses against the British power sentiments impossible to quell, and prejudices dangerous to encounter. Upon this most important topic, more will be said elsewhere.*

The sentiment of attachment to Ireland, of strong affection for the land and its inhabitants, is natural, and most honourable. It may be cherished and ministered to, without the slightest danger to the British Empire. Strange as it may seem to the cosmopolites, this local sentiment of Irishry may yet be converted into one of the most powerful means of cementing the Empire, and of making the sentiments of Irish pride and ambition run in favor of the existence of the Empire.

Young Ireland deserves much credit for its powerful vindication of the national sentiment. It is its leading characteristic to utter Irish feelings, and pour forth its affections for its native land. It deserves praise also, for its

* Vide in the chapter on 'The Irishman' the contrast between the modes in which a Whig and Tory view Irish character.

endeavour to unite the two Irish nations, upper and lower, in the bonds of a common affection. In doing so it renders due homage to the memories of those illustrious Protestant nationalists of the last century, who were so much grander in genius, and elevated in sentiment, than the one-sided patriots of the lower nation in our own times.

Young Ireland also deserves praise for its admitting the evils of agitation. Though the ally of the Corn Exchangers it does not wallow in the grovelling and gross system of politics that originates in the Corn Exchange. It is free from the nasty sordid selfishness, and mercenary patriotism of the ordinary tribunitian factions that have preyed upon the Irish multitude.

Its martial inclinations make it far more manlike than the other popular parties of Ireland. How truly it says when discussing "The Morality of War." "War may be often unnecessarily employed; and so may love, anger, law, teaching, or any other human act or feeling. *Moral agitation has its woes as well as*

*war.* Ruined fortunes, broken friendships, the wreck of hopes, and the tearing of ties dearer than life, have followed some of those religious and social changes effected by moral means, and which notwithstanding all men wisely and justly unite to honour."

Young Ireland hates at heart the odiousness of agitation; it loathes the habits of the tribunes, it is too intellectual to grovel, and has in itself too much moral power to part with its own self-respect. And certainly it is a remarkable proof of its strength and capacity that while it works with and through the Corn Exchangers it maintains its own separate existence. It is Pro-O'Connellite, but only in a certain sense. Indeed many would deem it Non-O'Connellite, by its distinctiveness, its freedom of spirit, and its unyielding deportment. Its talents, and its accomplishments, poetical and political are envied, just as its high spirit and personal virtues are desiderated by most of its allies amongst the Repealers. Indeed it cannot be too much admired for its right gallant efforts to develope a MIND amidst all the filth, and slough, and loathsome abomina-

tion of the Irish tribunitian party. It is sorry to see its native land covered with so much of self-developed dirt, and though it finds itself unequal to cleansing out the Augean Stables of the Corn Exchange, it takes care that its own quarters are as pure and wholesome, as the practice of any Irish political vocation will allow. Let it be accorded the honour of making the Irish democracy aspire to the creation of a MIND in Ireland.

Again, it deserves much praise from its cordial recognition of the merits of Irishmen of both nations in Ireland. For a party working in so fanatical a community as modern Ireland, it has been most liberal in its recognition of the merits of all Irishmen. It has never vituperated the Duke of Wellington in a coarse and unmanly style; it does not delight to vilify all those who differ from it; it does not seek to strangle rising merit—to smite down all who will not wear its colours. When reviewing up its exertions for the first year of its existence, it proudly and justly said, " So little have we regarded sectarian or party distinctions that for our eulogies on Conservative Protes-

tants, who by their genius had honored Ireland, we came in more than once for the censure of those most influential with the people."

The elevated spirit (for the most part) of Young Ireland demands considerable praise. It is thoroughly liberal on most of those questions which in proportion to their moral importance distract and narrow the mind with that fanaticism to which human nature is so prone. Young Ireland is quite sincere in its professions of love for religious liberty and christian toleration of different creeds. Unlike some of its allies, it does not deal in mere lip professions of love of religious liberty—it is so really Liberal at heart. There is nothing monkish, or crawling in its nature, and certainly never was any party less liable to the charge of infidelity. It has nothing of the French scoffer in its disposition. It is calmly religious, and sentimentally averse to unbelief.

These are great merits, and not allowed to Young Ireland in any grudging or niggardly spirit of commendation. Let us now see its evils which more than counterbalance its merits, when both are regarded from an Imperial point of view.

The evils of Young Ireland are many and numerous.

For firstly—in order that its principles should be carried, the whole British Empire should be destroyed!! It professes principles which cannot be realised without resorting to a bloody civil war. Its songs, its vehement effusions, its ballads, may disturb society and foment angry passions, but assuredly they can achieve nothing further than bestowing a literature on the popular passions of the Irish lower nation.

Secondly—Its merits are chiefly personal and transient, while the evils it produces will be of a lasting character. A few generous spirits, superior to bigotry, and religious fanaticism may *now* utter liberal sentiments of toleration, but let a civil war arise in Ireland, and however good may be their intentions, they would be carried away by the anger and fury, which would universally prevail. A couple of dozen of Munster Priests would swamp their party on its launching upon a civil war. The "living priests of the most high God," could knock to pieces all their schemes

of fraternity and toleration. Once that the war whoop was raised in Ireland the priests would be the real directors of the lower nation. "Young Ireland's" singing "be tolerant," would not be heard amidst the din of civil war.

Thirdly—Young Ireland is the oretically progressive, but practically retrograde. It affects to demonstrate the necessity of democratic government for Ireland, it speaks of "self-rule," and it does thus while raging and clamouring against Civilization.

Fourthly—If it succeeded in its views, its civilization would be half Yankee—half French. It would be that, or none at all.

Lastly—If its politics are possible they are fraught with danger to the civilized world—with bloody civil war—with interminable feuds between the English and Irish throughout the numerous colonies and possessions of the British Empire—with the political destruction of the only Power that spreads knowledge and civilization far and wide. If on the other hand its politics are impossible, what endless enmity to no purpose! what impotent anger! what misery and adversity are likely to follow from

the eloquent professions of principles which lead to perpetual civil war, and incessant discord!

Much of what is generally said (elsewhere) against Repeal principles is applicable to Young Ireland, but its greatest and distinctive error is in not perceiving the amount of religious fanaticism, which would be brought into action by the insurrection of an Irish Democracy.

Let us take a specimen of the Young Irelanders. We will (on the Aristotelian rule) judge of them by one of their highest specimens designating him by a pseudonyme.

Dormer is a man who derives his birth from an old English family of descent and consideration, which like many other families that might be named, remained settled in England, while it sent its cadets from time to time into Ireland. The father of Dormer was an Englishman by birth, and married a lady of an ancient and long established family of the Upper Nation in Ireland. Thus young Dormer was brought up with all the tastes and associations that would naturally make him

Conservative in habits and Anglican in feeling. But what will not originality and enthusiasm accomplish? Though with many members of his family serving the State in those vocations that make men peculiarly conservative, young Dormer from the first broke through all the influences of family feeling — patronage and social interest. At first he was content to be a Liberal—and in the days of the Reform Bill was a steady Radical, inclined to those politics which Lord Durham represented. In those times he was a little tinged with the prevalent Utilitarianism, and though he was too trained in Philosophy to be deceived by the quackery of Benthamism, (in which like Phrenology, "there was much that was true, and much was that new, but the new was not true, and the true was not new,") he wished to rationalize the feelings of the people, to an extent certainly not attainable, and perhaps hardly desirable, unless the sympathies were quickened in the same proportion as the logical faculties were sharpened. But whatever he thought of the principles of Utilitarianism, the party formed in England for the purpose of carrying it out,

was enough to drive Dormer (and all others of Catholic minds and genial natures) from association with that wretched set of huxters and chafferers—of seedy economists, who pryed into the minutest expense of Royalty, and shabby representatives, who wished that all the world should be as straitened in circumstances as themselves, who possessing scanty incomes could not bear to hear of large salaries — and cherishing a vulgar and plebeian dislike of the superior classes—dignified their own vulgarity and spleen with the name of sympathy with the people. Of that mean and despicable set, who with drivelling conceit thought they could wield the grim and sturdy masses of the populace, Dormer saw quite enough to disgust him with their characters, but (unlike others) he did not make the shabby and trumpery spirit of the Joe Humeians—and the Henry Warburtonians—an excuse for withdrawal from the popular service. He was much disgusted, but not in any wise chagrined, and so far from despairing of democratic principles, he eagerly hoped to take as much part in spiritualizing the character of British Demo-

cracy, as others had done to materialize and degrade it.

But increased knowledge of England, and reflection on its interests soon taught him that the English people were as averse (as they ought to be) from plunging into innovation, and overturning the Polity under which they have become great—powerful—and happy. Long before the Conservative re-action had begun, Dormer, with his masculine and penetrating mind, discerned that England was tending to stability, and to conservation, rather than to movement and destruction. He saw also that the schemes of comprehensive and beneficent Imperialism which he might have advocated for Ireland, would be carried out by none of the parties in England—that the tremulous administration of a Lord Melbourne could not grasp a powerful policy, and that the apathy of a strong Conservative Government would not adopt measures bold and original, though perhaps rather rash and dangerous. The impotence of the Melbourne party, with its he! he! he! chuckling confessions of its ignorance, and its "Fore gad, my lords," de-

clarations of its political scepticism and want of enthusiasm, plainly showed Dormer what the country he adored had to expect from a party supported by royal apron-strings. On the other hand, the undissembled apathy of the Peelites — their indifference to Irish wants—their masterly and subtle defence of every Irish wrong—their careless recognition of every Irish right—taught Dormer that his native land had about as much to expect from the Tory Utilitarian of Tamworth, as from the Epicurean Whig of Brockett Hall. In the weakness, hypocrisy, and laughter-loving levity of one set of Rulers, he saw as much to oppose and censure, as in the conventional virtues—specious mannerism—and mechanical philanthropy of the other.*

Where then did Dormer turn for hope? Where did he look for help for Ireland and the Irish?

In THEMSELVES, in their own energies rendered formidable by training—in the physical power of angry millions exasperated with suffering, and possessing a martial valour notorious to

* The reader will recollect that in these passages, the views of Dormer, and not of the present writer, are set forth.

Europe for its headlong desperation. He saw hope in a Catholic Church, despised and ridiculed by the aristocracy of wealth, idolized with superstitious veneration by a credulous people. In the difficulties of England—in the insane love of war of France—in the vainglorious ambition of American Democracy; in the vivid recollection of six centuries of suffering and wrong, and in the tardy approach of happiness through a British Empire—in these Dormer thought he saw the means of regenerating Ireland. To develope a Mind, and rouse a genuine spirit of Manhood amongst the people, became the object of his life.

He brought to the service of the Irish masses an amount of natural ability, and acquired talent, rarely indeed to be found in the cause of the Irish multitude. Of acquirements vast in extent, though perhaps too miscellaneous in their character; of an intellectual suppleness that allowed him to manifest the powers of a poet of high promise, while he was immersed in the details of political life; learned profoundly in the history of his own country, and well acquainted with that of other nations, and with philosophical capacity of considerable original

grasp—he possessed a mind and accomplishments, which of themselves would be sufficient to secure for him the respect of all those, who admire genius and knowledge. But when it is added that his fine and valuable mental gifts are conjoined with an unsullied character, remarkable not only for its noble disregard of self, but for its love of fair play, while dealing with an avowed opponent; how much ought such a man to be admired, while developing his activity, and working out his energy in a gangrened state of political society like that of Ireland! For though Dormer could with eminent power lash the passions of his party into phrenzy, not even in his most excited hours would he be guilty of the characteristic faults of the Corn Exchangers.

An Irish Patriot, without the taint of vanity: an Irish Democrat loathing those vile arts, which have made the word "agitator," synonimous with much of what is abominable; an Irish popular leader, without hypocrisy, servility, or meanness, such is the spirited and generous Dormer.

Yet he will fail, but he will splendidly fail.

He will fail, because he fancies that the people around him are made of the same materials as himself—because he will not bridle his enthusiasm, and observe the crowd of wretched copyists—tame imitators of popular disturbers—the conventional agitators, and paltry spouting politicians, without the least spark of originality or real talent, by whom he and his three or four kindred spirits are surrounded. Dormer has all the sturdiness and self-reliance of an Englishman, and he disregards in his political calculations, the plastic and facile nature of Irish politicians.

He persists in turning his eyes from all that is paltry, weak, and ridiculous in that side of Irish politics to which he has devoted himself.

He will fail in stamping upon Irish politics, the character which he would desire to give them; he will succeed in winning a name "buoyant enough to float down the stream of time."* He may fall short of being the

* A much admired expression of Lord Campbell's predecessor in the Irish Chancellorship.

prophet of Irish Democracy; he will attain the honor of being its ablest advocate, and its brightest ornament; may fortune save him from being its most lamented martyr!

# CHAPTER XIII.

## SEEING IRISH HISTORY.

### VIEW FROM MOUNT HILARY.

" With ragged monuments of time forepast
All which the sad effects of discord sung,
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plast;
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast,
Dislievered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine,
Of all which ruins there some relickes did remaine,

FAERIE QUEENE, Book IV.

PEOPLE read history in books; and in lectures hear of it; in Ireland, reader, you may *see* it palpably portrayed on the face of the country.

Let us ascend this lofty mountain—called Mount Hilary, and from its summit behold

the vast expanse of inland that meets the eye. Placed in the heart of Munster, it is a spot well calculated for taking a large survey of one of the most interesting parts of Ireland. It proudly towers over the vale of the glorious Blackwater, and overshadows a tract of country, that was the scene of many a fight between, " the two nations."

Soh!——we are at last at the top. What a magnificent scene! From east to west we see nearly eighty miles. And now, English reader, behold one of the most potent causes of Irish nationality. Who is there that could be familiarised from infancy to such scenery as that before you, and not love the country in which he was born. The philosophic eye of a Montesquien would glisten with gratification, if he were permitted to behold such a scene as that now spreading before your enraptured sight. He would hail in the appearance of such a country—its very climate and its scenery —and its suggestive—picturesque variety—and wildness—a cause that would be influential in determining the character of its inhabitants. And the character of those inhabitants, would go far to confirm one of his favourite theories. But let us not mind what any philosopher

might have thought upon it; let us examine it ourselves.

How totally different from any thing in England! What variety of form in the landscapes! What mountains--vales—and countless streams! How grand—how poetically wild — *here* how beautifully picturesque — and *there* how sublimely miserable! Look at that magnificent chain of Galtees towering against the sky. Observe how sharp and definite is their outline, and how proudly they spring from the soil. They look down on the north-east corner of this superb, and almost unequalled panorama. The tract of country at our feet seems like a vast lake of land, encompassed on all sides by huge hills. In the extreme east lie the Tipperary mountains, overhanging Cashel, and branching off to Lismore upon the south. To the north, they are joined by the vast Galtees, of which the extreme west termination seems to abut upon the Castle Oliver mountains that connect Cork and Limerick. These latter mountains would be deemed "stupendous" by the English (except by the natives of Wales, and the border counties). In this country, however, they attract no ad-

miration, as they are overshadowed by the Galtees at one side, and the Ballyhowra mountains on the other that grandly fill up the extreme north of our landscape. From this Ballyhowra chain the eye runs over a vast tract of elevated table land, until, in the west, it falls upon M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, that strike up against the sky with a succession of jagged, broken, pointed, conical peaks. We can just catch a glimpse of Mangerton over the far famed Killarney Lakes, from which the eye is attracted to another chain of mountains—called Clydagh, connecting Cork and Kerry. Ah! there are "the Paps," a pair of mountains so called from their striking similarity to a woman's bosom. A fine pair of plump billowy masses of rock and earth, suggesting a thousand quaint images to the mind! Not in all that territory—nor in all Munster is there a wilder spot than the said Clydagh. The boasted Connemara of Connaught has nothing drearier or sublimer to shew than Clydagh, with its great — desolate hills; its lonesome lakes, to which seldom the fisherman repairs, although they are well stocked with delicious red trout; its "potheen" manufactories, where you can get the real

"mountain dew," and its rude—primitive—semi-savage population—who obtain existence—Heaven alone knows how! But come! we have a vast deal to see, and must not linger on the horizon of the view. From Clydagh the eye returns towards the east, (and along the south), by the Millstreet and Kilcorney mountains, until it comes to Hilary where we stand. Then glancing over Ahadalane, it is caught by the Mallow and Nagle mountains, and arrives again at the Tipperary and Waterford hills.

The scene is indeed beautiful and glorious to behold, but let us discriminately observe it, and note some of its marked characteristics For it is Irish all over, and nothing else but Irish.

If, reader, after having visited all Europe, (with the exception of Ireland), you were by some strange chance brought upon this view, and asked to name what country it was, you would be puzzled. "It cannot be Italy—the scene here, though beautiful, is frequently repulsive in its sternness, and the land is strangely chequered over by the appearance of desolation. What is the meaning of all those ruins upon the face of the country?

Here is a whole chain of castles, dismantled and shattered, and mark! also the ruined churches, and dilapidated abbeys. And what are these heaps of dirt and filth out of which human figures seem to come and go? Surely they cannot be human habitations! And the climate seems fitful and rainy. It is by turns cold and warm. It certainly is not Italy—nor Spain, for Spain has no such endless ruins, nor such a quantity of mud hovels upon its surface for animals of any kind to dwell in. There is nothing splendid or magnificent in the principal structures that seem strongly built in shapes that mock all rules of the graceful or elegant. It is not Germany. I do not know any part of Germany, with such chains of mountains, and there is a strange jumble of misery and wealth, (or what appears such), of beauty and wretchedness on the face of the scenery before us, that one could not meet with in happy and well ordered Germany. Why bless me! now that I apply the telescope to my eye, some of yonder houses are English in appearance, though not altogether so—and what I thought at first were black patches of land appear on close inspection to be bogs—

and I can discern squalid, half naked forms—and shoals of bare-legged urchins. Well! I do declare—a light breaks in on me—positively I conjecture this must be that Ireland, about which we are always hearing so much in Parliament, and reading of in the newspapers. Well! it seems really a monstrous fine place—nay! a downright glorious country, though I don't quite like the look of some of it. It is decidedly too foreign in its appearance for my calm and quiet John Bullish tastes. It seems like a land, where you would expect to meet banditti, and romantic adventures, and "all that sort of thing." But what ails the people, that they cannot be happy in such a land? I warrant that English people would live peaceably and comfortably in it."

You are right, reader, in noticing the appearance of the country so totally different from what you have seen in other lands. Well permit me now to illustrate "Ireland and its Rulers" by actual sight. You have been told that there are "two nations in Ireland," well! behold their characters and distinctive existences made palpable even to the eye.

Behold all those isolated houses—anglicized

in appearance, and standing by themselves in demesne lands, these are the mansions of the "Upper nation." On the other hand those heaps of dirt and mud, which you doubted were human habitations, are the residence of the masses of "the lower nation." You see the country appears to be all Peasantry, and much Gentry, and in reality it is little more. But mark all those houses belonging to the Upper Nation. In England you would say that such were the residences of the upper *classes*, but if you want to understand the state of Irish society, for "class" you must substitute "nation," because such is the real distinction.

For example; let us from our lofty perch on Mount Hilary examine the Upper Nation with our eyes.

That huge tract of country lying at our feet, was in former times parcelled out between several of the old Irish chiefs, and some of the successors of the Norman invaders. From 1172 down to the reign of Elizabeth it was chiefly owned by the Lords of Desmond, by various branches of the Mc Carties, the Butlers, and the Barrys. In Elizabeth's reign, how-

ever, the Earl of Desmond bore almost undisputed sway over that vast tract. His lands extended one hundred and fifty miles, containing 574,628 acres of English measure, on which were innumerable strong castles most of which you see before you in ruins. He had a great number of vassals, and of his surname and kindred there were five hundred gentlemen; in short he was confessedly the greatest of Queen Elizabeth's subjects.

Upon the fall of the Desmond, in Elizabeth's reign, all of his lands were parcelled out; amongst others Spenser the poet, and Sir Walter Raleigh obtained enormous tracts. Yonder in the middle of this vast plain, you can discern with a telescope, a square, crumbling tower standing by itself, that is Kilcoleman Castle, where the poet composed much of his immortal poem. Amongst others who on that occasion, obtained large parcels of that beautiful piece of country at our feet were Sir Warham St. Leger, 6,000 acres; Sir Thomas Norreys 6,000 acres; Sir Arthur Hyde 5,574 acres; Mr. Hyde 5,577 acres, and others.

These grants were given by Queen Elizabeth for the Anglicizing of Munster. Sir Walter

Raleigh obtained about forty-two thousand acres (Feb. 3rd, 1585,) but in 1602 he sold them to Sir Richard Boyle, ancestors to the present Earls of Cork and Shannon.

During the seventeenth century, upon two occasions, nearly all that tract of land was fought for by the Irish interest, but the property remained in the hands of the successors and representatives of the original grantees. Let us now see, who in the year 1844 hold that beautiful country; let us glance at the principal persons residing on this plain.

Looking to the extreme west, you see upon the confines of a desolate and dreary tract, a well planted demesne; it runs down from the mountains that hang over the lonesome town of Millstreet; that is, Drishame Castle, the residence of the gallant and hospitable Captain Wallis. That high tower rising in the midst of the demesne, was built by Dermot Mc Carty, son to Tiege, Lord Muskerry, who died in 1448. Despite the troubles of Elizabeth's reign, the Mac Carty's kept Drishane until 1641, when Donogh joined the rebels, and lost his estate. Since then the " Upper

Nation," rules the roast over that wild country.

Run your eye some sixteen miles to the east by north of Drishane, you see that large square building, flanked with four turrets, that is Kanturk Castle, built in Queen Elizabeth's reign by a branch of the Mac Carthies. Some of them adhered to the Irishry, others to the English interest; within about forty years during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, that Kanturk estate was knocked to and fro between the Mac Carties, like a shuttlecock. One time, Donough Mac Carty flourishing a British battledore, got a touch at it, but then Dermod Mac Owen Carty, his kinsman, struck it up with his Irish battledore, and thought he would have all the play to himself, but up springs little Cormac Mac Carty, who insists on giving it a stroke. Well-a-day! there is something very Irish—something *painfully national* about Kanturk Castle. Its design was very magnificent—a parallelogram eighty feet broad, by one hundred and twenty in length, four stories, all the window frames and battlements, made of hewn stone, and the whole meant to be very grand. And there it stands to this day, for it

was never roofed; there are its walls perfect and uninjured, but the castle was never finished. Queen Elizabeth put her veto against the building, as it was represented to be dangerous to the English interests, that the Mac Carties should have so strong a residence. And thus Kanturk Castle and its associations are emblematic of the whole course of Irish history. How grand and striking are the first designs and labours of Irish Nationality, like Kanturk Castle it challenges admiration for some time, until it rises too aspiringly, when lo! the British Power calmly interposes with a "You shan't go on," the work is stopped, and the people lie quiet again, sorrowing that the structure was never finished!

"Just so!" cries Young Ireland, "that hateful British Power will never let us erect anything grand. England puts a veto against Ireland doing anything splendid."

"Not so fast, Young Ireland," cries the Englishman, calmly surveying the scene before him. "If Kanturk Castle had been finished, and if there had been no Elizabeth, or James, or Cromwell: your Dermod Mac Carty's—your Owen Mac Carty's—and your Cormac

Mac Carty's, would have been breaking each others head to obtain possession of it. Well, and what became of the estate then?"

On the fall of the Mac Carthies Mac Donogh (as they were called) in the early part of the seventeenth century, the estate fell into the clutch of Sir Philip Perceval, on the 23rd of October 1641. Since that time the Perceval's, —Earls of Egmont, possessed the property without disturbance, but the Kanturk estate should follow the normal law of all Irish properties. Some of the Percevals were spendthrifts, and all of them were absentees, you can imagine the rest! Within a few years it has passed into the hands of Mr. Tierney,* the former agent and attorney to the property. Residing in Ireland, he constantly visits it, and has made such improvements on the property, that by general consent Kanturk Town has improved more within a dozen years than any other place in Munster has done since the Union. Mr. Tierney belongs to the Upper Nation by prejudices and politics, but if all

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* Brother of the late Sir Matthew Tierney.

other proprietors in Ireland were like him, and Irishmen animated by his industry and common-sense, the distinction between the two nations would be rapidly obliterated.

Now let your eye turn some seventeen miles east a little by north of Kanturk Castle. It lights upon a fine, woody country, with beautiful blue mountains rising to its rear. You can see a town at the foot of the hills, its houses peeping up amidst the trees. That neighbourhood is one of the loveliest in the Queen's dominions. It is thickly studded with gentry, and all its lands are so finely planted, and handsomely laid out, that you would think it to be England, except for the numerous mountains that give so much elevation and grandeur to the landscape. That is Doneraile, the scene where the "Conspiracy"* was laid—not less distinguished for its spirited and dashing gentry, than for its turbulent and audacious peasantry. The Awbeg river immortalised by Spenser, waters that lovely tract, and there is the noblest park in Munster, that of Lord Doneraile.

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* Vide Part I.

All that noble country is interesting to every English eye, associated as it is with the memory of Spenser and Raleigh. Those towering Ballyhowra mountains are the "Mole" celebrated by Spenser in his poem of "Colin Clout's come home again," in which Raleigh is introduced as "The Shepherd of the Ocean." The Awbeg is the "Mulla" of the poet; he mentions it frequently in his works—

> "And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep."
>
> FAERY QUEENE—Canto XI., 41.

In "Colin Clout" he says—

> "I sate as was my trade,
> Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore;
> Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade,
> Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore.
> There a strange shepherd chanc'd to find me out,
> Whether allur'd with my pipes delight,
> Whose pleasing sounds yshrilled far about;
> Or thither led by chance I know not right;
> Whom when I asked from what place he came,
> And how he hight? himself he did ycleep,
> The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
> And said he came far from the main sea deep."

This Doneraile is the seat of the family of the St. Legers, one of the genuine old Norman conquering race. In the sixteenth century they were Lords President of Munster, and ruled the province with a rod of iron. Since that time they have identified themselves always with the High Tory party, and the state of society within ten miles round of Doneraile presents even to this day many of those moral features, which have been delineated in Spensers "View of the State of Ireland" in 1596. Indeed if the family history of the St. Legers were written it would be as good a picture of Irish History, and Irish Life, as the Memoirs of St. Simon were of the old French Monarchy. Take for example, an historical incident in the history of the St. Legers.

In 1641, Boyle, Earl of Cork, who came in Raleigh's property, was staying upon a visit with his son-in-law, the Earl of Barrymore, at his magnificent residence of Castle Lyons at the other side of yon Nagle mountains. There were also staying at Castle Lyons several of the Irishry leaders, amongst others Donogh Mac Carty, Lord Muskerry, who resided at the

well known Blarney Castle. One day while at dinner, a strange gentleman came suddenly with despatches for the Earl of Cork. He seemed greatly distressed with travelling, and his countenance wore an aspect of dismay. In fact, he was the bearer of the news of the breaking out of the terrible Irish Rebellion of 1641.

Lord Cork was a man fit to have lived in those troubled times. He was not less bold than sagacious; and his ambition, which was excessive, was more cautious and controlled than is usual with that passion. He heard the news without any apparent emotion, and proceeded to acquaint the company with the intelligence he had received. Lord Muskerry laughed at the tidings; and treated it as a ridiculous matter without foundation. However all the company broke up, and prepared to return to their respective homes, as in Lord Cork's despatches were proclamations from Government warning the English and their adherents to be on their guard. The Earl sent off the news he had received to Sir Willian St. Leger, who resided at Doneraile, and was Lord

President of Munster, and returned to his own Castle of Lismore.

The next intelligence which Lord Cork received was that Lord Muskerry was up in arms at the head of several thousand rebels in the west of the county!

Meantime Sir William St. Leger was not idle. He collected as many adherents as possible to the English Standard, which he hoisted at Doneraile. At first he could muster only some fifteen hundred men, most of them raw and inexperienced, yet with them he determined fearlessly to oppose the Munster rebels, who under the command of Lord Mountgarret—had rapidly taken Ballyowen—marched upon Kilmallock, and menaced Limerick. St. Leger posted himself on Spenser's mountain—Ballyhowra—having under him the Earl of Barrymore—and three of Lord Cork's sons—the Lords Dungarvan, Broghill, and Kinalmeaky, with some English officers. By the authority of Government he rapidly raised a regiment of a thousand men, and a hundred and twenty horse, and finding that Cashel, Clonmel, Dungarvan, and Fethard had all "pronounced" for the

rebels, he determined to give them battle without delay.

He drew up in order of battle at a place called Redshard, situated where you observe the mountain slanting down—it is a pass from the County of Cork into Limerick, and there occurred a scene most characteristic of those times—aye! and of the subtle, cunning, and furtive spirit common to all Irish factions.

At that time it may be observed there were five parties in Ireland, and as if the unfortunate country had not enough of native troubles, the distracted state of England helped to cast Ireland into more than its hereditary turmoil. There were then struggling for power upon the Irish soil—First, the Royalists, headed by Ormond; Secondly, the Parliamentarians, headed by various persons of local influence in Ireland, most of them recent grantees; Thirdly, a party of Covenanters in Ultser; Fourthly, the followers of the Supreme Council, led by Prestone; and lastly, the Papal party, led by Owen Roe, so that you may see it has not been for want of "Agitation," (save the mark!) that Ireland has not been "great—glorious---and free."

When the Irish rebel army approached, where St. Leger was posted, a trumpeter was sent out from the rebels to demand a parley. He was accompanied by a lawyer of the name of Walsh. On St. Leger's desiring to know the reason of their coming, the lawyer said that he should speak with the Lord President in private. On being rebuked as a rebel, by Lord Broghill, Walsh replied that neither he, nor those with whom he acted, were rebels, and that he would soon convince the President of Munster of the fact. On receiving a private audience, Walsh astounded St. Leger by telling him that Lord Muskerry was acting under the Royal Commission in all that he had done, and that he had the King's authority in his favour, which he would show upon the next day if St. Leger would grant him a safe conduct. This intelligence greatly astounded the Lord President, but the news, from the state of parties, was not entirely impossible, although it did not appear very probable. Some of St. Leger's friends suspected that there was some deceit in Walsh's conduct; they did not forget the consummate duplicity with which Lord Muskerry had acted his part.

On the next day, however, Walsh and the same trumpeter returned, and the lawyer produced a large parchment, in which was a very formal commission drawn up, for the Lord Muskerry to raise 4,000 men, with the broad seal attached to it. St. Leger perused it, and examined it with care, and told his associates that as Muskerry had really a Royal Commission for what he had done, that he would dismiss his men. His party, with the exception of Lord Broghill, were perfectly satisfied.

The stratagem completely succeeded. Though St. Leger was esteemed "a cunning fox," he was completely outwitted. He consented to enter into articles with Lord Mount Garrett, and disbanded his forces. The rebels passed on, marched to Buttevant---and from that to Mallow, where, like the genuine Irish, they began to quarrel amongst themselves for the command, Lord Roche (ancester of the present Member for this County) insisting that Munster rebels should only be led by a Munster man!* What characteristic localism!

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* To prevent disputes, the command was assigned to Garrett Barry, an ancestor of the Barrys of Ballinahina. He had long served in Spain, and was reputed to be an excellent soldier.

St. Leger was so chagrined at having been twice outwitted by Lord Muskerry, and took the matter so much to heart, that he died of

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The ancient race of the Barrys (of which a main branch ceased on the death of the last Lord Barrymore) is now represented only by the Barrys of Ballyclough, and the Barrys of Ballinahina. In other parts of the south of Ireland, there are Barrys who claim to be of that ancient race, but they are only very minor branches of it. The two families just mentioned are descended (in common with the last Lord Barrymore) from the same ancestor, and share alike the historical honour of being the lineal representatives of the famous race of the De Barries of Normandy and Ireland.

Lord Barrymore was one of George the Fourth's earliest companions. He was a most dissipated, foolish, and whimsical person. When George (then Prince of Wales) was living with Mrs. Fitzherbert at Brighton Lord Barrymore played all sorts of antics for their amusement. He used to act disgustingly low parts at the theatre, for the benefit of the manager; he squandered enormous sums of money for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales at Wargrave, where he gave a party on coming to his majority, in honor of the Prince, which cost ten thousand pounds. He was afterwards cast off by the Prince, but it was not until he had forfeited his honor in money transactions.

vexation. His excessive veneration for Regal authority was the cause of his mistake. He was a staunch Royalist, and his eldest son was slain at Newberry in the service of King Charles.

But come! we have not time to linger over the many interesting stories that might be told of the families that are settled in the romantic country lying before us.

Looking from east to west, and from north to south, from Kilworth Mountain on the borders of Tipperary, to Clara Hill on the confines of Kerry, and from Ballyhoura bordering Limerick, to this Mount Hilary on which we stand, we survey a tract of country in the very heart of Catholic Munster—of Munster, the most Irish part of Ireland. We survey a vast plain some sixty miles long, by twelve to twenty in breadth. Let us examine the nature of the society which inhabits it.

All the mass of the population on that plain is Roman Catholic in religion; seventeen-twentieths of it are Celtic in descent; and all the masses may be classed as Irishry. Let us now look to the holders and owners of the soil.

They may be divided into three different classes.

1st. I see, and can point out to you the residences and estates of sixteen leading aristocrats who dwell upon that plain. I take no note of the places of absentees. Those sixteen aristocrats are men, who in Spain would be grandees of the first class, but in this country, and tried by the English social standard they may be classed as in the first rank of society. I take them as they are, Peers, Baronets, and Commoners. I need not give you all their names, but amongst them are the Kings (Earls of Kingston) the Moores (Earls of Mount Cashell,) the Hares, (Earls of Listowell,) the Wrixon—Bechers* of Ballygiblin, the Longfields of Longueville, the Jephson—Norreyses of Mallow Castle, the St Legers, (Viscounts Doneraile) the Hydes‡ of Castle Hyde, &c., &c.

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* Vide Part I. Page 173.

‡ The Hydes of Castle Hyde are the representatives of the old family of Hyde, from which Lord Clarendon was sprung. The English branch is totally extinct.

Now, English reader standing in fancy, if not in bodily presence upon Mount Hilary, let us examine the historical descent, and the present politics and religion of those sixteen great families.

Amongst those sixteen aristocrats there is not one Roman Catholic.

Only two families out of the sixteen have risen by industry, the other fourteen represent estates acquired by the sword, and all of those fourteen acquired with a single exception (Barry of Ballyclough) from 1575 to 1694.

Out of those sixteen aristocrats there is but one whose family is of the ancient Irishry —Hare, Earl of Listowell. The O'Hares were in the middle of the last century completely broken down—they had never been a leading race, but still they existed distinct from the mass. Mr. Hare, great grandfather of the present Lord Listowell, conformed to the ascendancy of the "Upper Nation" in 1770, (or thereabouts,) he subsequently made a large fortune as a trader in the City of Cork, and founded the present family of Hare, which acquired its Peerage on the Union.

Out of the whole sixteen, there is but one family with a really aristocratic descent, that would satisfy a genealogist. In fact they are all Elizabethans or Cromwellians, people who can only count at most two centuries and a half. Barry of Ballyclough is an exception—that family being descended from the invaders of 1172.

Out of the whole sixteen there are five Whigs and Liberals, some professing the principles of high, and others of low Whiggery. The remainder are Conservatives and Tories. With one exception they are all thoroughly identified with the "Upper Nation," but their different kinds of politics are not cognizable by the people, who regard the whole sixteen as being men of the same order—the same prejudices—the same purposes.

On looking over that enormous tract of country, it is impossible to discern one Catholic historical family.* Ah! stay—there is one, and only one, the Nagles, of Ballynamona Castle, the descendent of those Nagles, whose

* In that whole tract there are but three Roman Catholic families who run carriages! A painfully significant fact as to the distribution of property.

name occurs frequently in the troubles of the seventeenth century. They derive, however, more lustre from their connection with Edmund Burke.*

Thus it is bad enough on looking at the leading families and principal persons of that dis-

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* A village poet, Tom Geran, humourously called 'Spenser O'Geran—the bard of Ballyhooly;' has in a long string of verses chaunted the glories of Great Nagle of Ballynamona—a stanza might amuse.

"Sure he's sprung from great Sir Richard Nagle,
Who liv'd in the ould times ago,
Whom Cromwell did basely inveigle,
For which he's now burnin' below.
He's first cousin to famed Edmund Burke,
Who knocked down the Frinch Revolution,
Was as grand in his style as a Turk,
And saved England from quick dissolution.

Sing the Nagles of Ballynamona,
Their relations so known to fame,
Their deeds so renowned thro' the world,
Their spirit that nothing could tame.
Oh! 'tis they are the pride of our country,
With the elegant manners and grace,
The larning and sweet cultivation,
That adorn the rale Irish race."

trict, (which is a sample of all Ireland) to find so little connection subsisting between the Aristocracy and the people on the score of race, religion, or politics. Let us now examine the second class of the aristocracy of this territory.

We will triple the number sixteen; and examine the proportions which the opposite races—politics, and religions bear to each.

The forty-eight families subjected to this classified examination are in every wise distinguished for social eminence, the tests for marking that eminence, being property—personal influence—and general estimation. Three fourths of them would probably be annoyed at being placed in a second class of any kind. Their Irish pride would be flushed at not being ranked with the sixteen. Nevertheless they exist in an order beneath the sixteen, but considerably above the level of the middle classes. In short, they are Squirearchy, perfectly distinguished from Squireenarchy (which is a totally different order).

Out of the whole forty-eight, seven are of the old Irish origin.

Eleven families have notoriously risen by

trade and professions—seven out of the eleven have risen within the last forty years. Subtracting eleven from forty-eight—there remain thirty-seven families, out of which twenty-four were founded by Cromwellian and Williamite adventurers—the origin of the remaining thirteen is not to be ascertained.

Out of the whole forty-eight there are but ten "Liberals," and amongst those ten are men who supported and approved of the politics of the Anglesey—Stanley Administration, and others who if not the partizans, are certainly the allies of the Corn Exchange System.

Out of the whole forty-eight there are but five Roman Catholics.

Out of the whole forty-eight there is but one Protestant married to a Catholic wife, and one Catholic married to a Protestant one. In both instances, the children (as ought to be the case) are brought up in the mother's religion.*

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* It would be very desirable that mixed marriages should be encouraged in Ireland. The blending of Protestants and Catholics by domestic ties would in the lapse of time weald together the disjointed state of society in Ireland. It is

We have examined the component parts of the resident Aristocracy and leading Squires; let us now look at the third class, which is

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truly lamentable to observe the obstacles that difference of religious opinion prevent to the union of many parties that might live most happily together. One chief cause in preventing mixed marriages is the tendency (in such cases) to dispute and wrangle about the religion of the children. And as the writer has frequently observed, it is not the parties themselves that wrangle on the point, but the quarrel is commenced by the unsolicited interference of their ' damned good-natured friends.'

For example when a Catholic shop-keeper marries the daughter of his Protestant neighbour, such scenes occur as the following—" Ah, now Jerry, 'tis a shame for you, cry the friends of the husband, to be thinking of giving in to her. Yerra! don't allow your people-in-law to be triumphing over you, and man alive! would you be after having your children brought up in a religion which isn't that of the people.' On the other hand the wife is well teazed by her relatives. ' Now, Betsy, can't you show a little firmness. Consider how uncomfortable you'll be with your daughters going to mass! And is it in the religion of the common people that a genteel woman like would have her own children brought up?" And so on.

All these odious scenes might be put a stop to, if society—that is if several individuals would enforce by example, the natural and just rule that the mother should have the rearing

made up of gentry, and the professions of medicine and law. As we tripled sixteen to arrive at our second class, so will we now triple

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of the children in her own faith. It is the best rule on religious considerations, because the faith learned at a mother's knee, can seldom be effaced in after life, and blended with the affecting recollections of childhood, will (perhaps unconsciously) influence the sensibilities of the sternest soul, long after that parental voice has been hushed in the stillness of the grave. The plan of giving the boys, the religion of the father, the girls that of the mother, is not desirable, because it interferes with effective family devotion, and because it forbids adequate domestic instruction on religion. For example, in a country district under such a system, where are the children to be taught their religion? Who will supply the mother's place to those of her children whom she can instruct only in the vague generalities of religion? Will the Parson, or the priest? Or the ladies of the Biblical Society, or the nuns of the neighbouring convent?

On social grounds it would be the best rule in Ireland to give the children the creed of the mother, because such a rule would tend to increase the number of Catholics in the upper—and of Protestants in the lower circles of society—which is a consummation to be wished for. The lay-Catholics are far more liberal on the question of mixed marriages than are the lay-Protestants; and on the other hand the Priests are vigorous in condemning them, while the Parsons do not make any objections whatever.

that second class of forty-eight, to arrive at our third class of one hundred and forty-four of the order of gentry in that district. All professional men of note—very rich traders—extensive renters of land are included in this third class. Parsons and Priests are of course excluded.

On this list of one hundred and forty-four of the social notabilities of that district, I find that forty-three are by race connected with the Irishry, or Under Nation; that thirty-seven profess the Roman Catholic Religion; that forty-nine out of the hundred and forty-four are "Liberals," including several Whigs of a dubious cast, (who would be called Tories by some), and several notorious Corn Exchangers; and lastly, that four Roman Catholics have taken Protestant wives, and one Protestant has married a Catholic.

Thus you see how painfully complicated is Irish Society—how all the property, and the overwhelming preponderance of "the respectability," is at one side; and how the masses of the population are at the other side. How is it possible that such a country can exert a

collective will? When the passions are unloosed, its two main elements must come at once into hostile collision. How true were the words written in 1829 by one who knew that country well. "There is alas! yet no nation in that extraordinary land; there are alas! two races —two vocabularies—two series of traditions—two creeds—two systems of public opinion—two codes of jurisprudence—two standards of public good."

And yet with all this terrible dissension, the land is in many respects a fascinating country to dwell in. There is some inexplicable charm in the variety and loveliness of its poetical scenery; some spell in the society of its wild and joyous, and by fits depressed and melancholy population; some singular influence in the strangeness and romantic character of the whole island that fascinate and charm its inhabitants, and make them adore their native soil. Nor is this all; it presents numerous attractions for the stranger of discernment and sensibility, and any student of human nature cannot fail to find innumerable subjects of observation amongst the wildest—the strangest—wittiest

in speech—and most eloquent (if not most poetical) people in the world.*

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* It is not in a work of this nature that the present writer could present to the reader those features which are loveable in Irish society. It is only in describing its domestic life that he could portray the causes which counterbalance the hereditary evils of the land. In a work of a totally different character from the present, he may be enabled to meet the reader with a faithful picture of life in Ireland. The Englishman will then see, that in spite of demagogues and absentees—of superstition and fanaticism, that the "Emerald Isle" is one of the gayest and most charming places of residences in the world.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SEEING IRISH HISTORY.

> " Who sees those dismal heaps but would demand,
> What barbarous invader sacked the land?"
>
> SIR JOHN DENHAM.

BEFORE we leave the examination of this the country that we have been surveying, it would not be amiss to dwell upon one emblematic spot, one most suggestive district, that is to be found in the plain on which we have been looking down.

About four miles to the north-west of Mallow there stands an enormous, desolate house, which none of the present generation remember to have been inhabited. It is built in the style of an old Italian Palace, in front is a large court-yard, enclosed by the wings of the mansion. Before the gate are the vestiges of a large oval pond, without water, and to the right of the house lies a long canal, intended for ornament, now choked up with weeds and dirt, and two rows of scathed and blasted trees run along its marshy margin. The house was so placed that every wind except the south could play upon it with fury, and as the country to the north and east is without timber, there is nothing to break the force of the winter gales. The present writer has travelled, north and south, east and west in Ireland, so celebrated for being a land of ruins and physical wretchedness, but in no part of the country did his eyes ever light upon a scene so suggestive of the perfectly miserable in appearance. In fact the place—

> "——Bears an aspect of horror,
> Worn to habitude."

The very birds as they approach it, seem to whirl away instinctively from its neighbourhood. There is the appearance of supernatural wretchedness stamped on the whole house. In the sultriest day of July it would chill you to look at its crumbling roofs, its huge, tottering chimneys, and its black melancholy walls, and the vast garden neglected and overrun with weeds, and the landscape around barren, blasted and miserable.

Yet it is the misery of magnificence in decay, for the house itself must have been one of the most superb edifices in Ireland. Between the middle and end of the last century, an Italian artist of great ability erected in the south of Ireland five or six edifices of much architectural beauty, and Mount North was the finest of them. Its proportions are remarkable for their architectural beauty, nothing can be finer than the form, and the design of the whole edifice, which is of cut stone, with windows elaborately ornamented, was admirable in its style. It was placed in the midst of a vast park, and on the summit of the hill which faced it, was erected an obelisk, for the purpose of filling up the view. Eighty years since it

must have been one of the grandest places in the kingdom, it is now the dreariest, and most melancholy of deserted habitations.

The people of the neighbourhood know nothing of the history of Mount North. If you asked one of the peasantry why it was called Mount North, " Wisha! by gannies, I suppose your hanour, because de place looks so mighty could intirely, just for all de world like de nort wind! yes! indeed, yer hanour!" And the neighbouring squires in different words would give an answer somewhat to the same effect.

In the middle of the last century (and later) the family of Lysaght possessed some Parliamentary influence. They had an estate with a good rent-roll—were very ambitious, and not unskilful courtiers. They got a Peerage by their politics—and determined to build a mansion suitable to their new dignity. For several years this edifice was in process of erection, and after the lapse of some time from the laying of its foundations, it was called Mount North, in compliment to the noble lord, who was then the reigning politician of the time.

A few years previously they would have called it Mount Grenville, and a few years later, Mount Shelburne, or Mount Pitt. They might as well at once have called it Mount Minister! If the world were to christen it now, it would be by the name of Mount Misery.

But before we connect Mount North with Irish History, let us glance at its most characteristic neighbourhood. For there is an incomparable Irish village within a quarter of a mile of Mount North—a fitting adjunct to that bleak and miserable mansion.

The late witty Earl Dudley said that " Pompeii seemed to have been specially *potted* for the use of autiquaries." And certainly the village of Ballyclough in the barony of Duhallow, and County of Cork seems to have been pitched into its position, for the particular purpose of being a model village of Irish filth, fun, and squalor.

Vain is the task of the present writer, to describe, what would require the most accomplished pen adequately to portray. For Ballyclough is in sober fact a most surprising Irish village. When you ride through it for

the first time, you would suppose that the whole place was " got up" for the special edification of the traveller. Those dung hills seem so artistical in their elaborate aggregation of filth ! Those beggars are so theatrically squalid—and those dirty, fat-legged children are so absurdly numerous—and there is such a factitious exaggerated stench about the whole place, painfully mingled with a cutting, chilling east wind—that the thing can hardly be real. But alas! Ballyclough is one of the truest and dirtiest, and most absolute of facts.

Ballyclough begins exactly where Mount North ends on the west. It commences at the bottom of a steep hill facing the east, and at first seems in doubt whether it ought to go north or south, gives a sort of awkward lounge to the right and then to the left, and at last amid dirt and wretchedness struggles up against the steep hill, like a broken-winded beggar puffing up stairs to his garret. The only sign of energetic will stamped upon the place is its appearance of going away from Mount North, which is not to be wondered at, on the supposition that the village has a will of

its own. At each side of the road, which is ridiculously wide, are groups of the smuttiest of imaginable urchins—some of them with their hands in their mouth, and most of them with their hands in the mud, many of them sprawling about on their half naked little bellies. Then the pigs—the far-famed, and unequalled pigs of Ballyclough! In no other part of Ireland have the pigs such interesting and engaging countenances. There is a "Welcome, your hanour, to Ballyclough" expression in their faces that extorts some reluctant sympathy towards the dumb swinish creatures. A modish, rakish-looking set of pigs are those of of Ballyclough, remarkable as they are in that country for their power of cocking their right ears, and squinting with their left eyes.

> "To squint left and right,
> Like a Ballyclough pig in a state of delight."

Then for a porcine race, they scamper up and down the great, steep hill with remarkable activity. Like the dandies in Hyde Park they

have a "Rotten Row" of their own, and very *rotten* indeed is the row of Ballyclough, for though its pigs are celebrated for never grunting, they are equally famous for their unrivalled powers of dirting. It is enough to say of Ballyclough that the pigs are decidedly its ornaments and most distinguished inhabitants.

But the contrast between the modish air, and lively deportment of its pigs, and the blasted, dreary, desolate aspect of the village itself is very painful. At last the poor village attains the top of the hill, where it pauses to take breath at the Protestant Church, and then makes a vigorous dart towards the Catholic Chapel where it squats down finally.

There was something poetical about the wretchedness of Mount North in which no one resides, but in Ballyclough there is a swarming population of a neglected and forlorn peasantry that makes one miserable to think of. Why does not the man who owns that place do something to cleanse and civilise it? But come! we must see Ballyclough Park.

Ballyclough Park must fifty years since have been a beautiful place. Let us take a

peep at it now. Turning to the right out of the village, we enter upon a large piece of ground that was formerly a portion of the park. A castle built by the war-like Barries, and remaining habitable to this day, lies upon our left hand, and to the right is a succession of ornamental ponds one rising above another, connected with waterfalls, that have got out of repair. The very look of the old place, with its ragged trees, its patched and broken park wall, is enough to convince any one that he is on the grounds of an absentee.

That the landlord of the Ballyclough Park estate lives at Bath, any of the beggar-peasants of the neighbourhood will inform you. It is no matter who he is, he has a high sounding aristocratic name—and may be taken as a specimen of his " order." Well it must be confessed that Ballyclough Park with its beggared and dilapidated appearance, is an excellent neighbour for Mount North—and such a park and village as that of Ballyclough, would furnish inexhaustable illustrations of the state of Irish society.

But what castle is that rising out of the wood

about a mile to the left of us; it seems kept in order, and yet has a very ancient look? It is Loghort Castle, one of the most remarkable places in Munster, and the property of another absentee—my Lord Arden!

Loghort Castle is remarkable for many reasons — it is a carefully preserved specimen of the ancient castle, and though built in the reign of King John, is to this day in complete repair, and fit for the residence of an estated person. It is by no means unlike one of those castles that are to be found in Germany. You approach it by a long and formal avenue, upwards of a mile in length, the Castle itself rises out of a plain surrounded by thick woods. It is encircled by a moat full of water, the castle walls are ten feet thick, there is a trap inside the entrance for unwary assailants—a concealed staircase—a cell for hiding in; there are superb old Irish marble chimney pieces in the chief apartments, and an unrivalled prospect from the lofty summit of the castle. It was alternately in the hands of the English and Irish interests, but Sir Hardress Waller reduced it finally in 1550,

and has described it as a place of great strength. An Irish poet has written—

> "Rooted to the earth, great Lohort stands,
> A mole enormous famed in foreign lands,
> England erected the stupendous tower,
> Right to support, and quell the factious power."

In such a piece of country as that we have been surveying (and it is painfully characteristic of most of Ireland) there is much pleasure in looking at something stable, something that having braved time, is still undestroyed and in good order. Pity that there should be no resident nobleman in Loghort Castle!

And here, standing on this rising ground over Mount North, we see the history of the country depicted in dismantled castles, in ruined religious edifices, in deserted parks, and the dilapidated residences of an absentee, and alien aristocracy. Nor is that all: we see depicted in poetical symbols, the follies, miseries, and horrors of civil wars, and the futile fury of all the Irish factions that have during six centuries risen against the British power. For example—

The De Barries came in to this country—

they remained united amongst themselves, and drove before them the wrangling, weak, and celtic Irish. They beat down the O's and Mac's with whom they came in contact, and strove with the Geraldines for the greatest influence and power. Yonder Buttevant Abbey tells the tale of their race, it was built by Lord Chief Justice de Barry in the reign of the first Edward. It was a magnificent pile as you may still observe by its remains. The De Barries —Norman and powerful though they were, fell in the course of time, most of them joined the native Irish, and were washed into obscurity by the roaring deluge of Cromwellianism. Yea! though the Norman race joined the native Irish, the British power carried all before it.

And does not Mallow Castle tell the same tale, with its shattered, crumbling walls? Where were there a bolder and braver race than the Fitzgeralds of Desmond? With all their power—force—and courage, they failed, although they often rebelled against England in the hour of her weakness. And what was the main part of the history of the Lords of

Desmond? After having beaten down various Irish septs, and nearly destroyed the Mac Carties, who were the ancient Irish Kings of Desmond, they were principally engaged in furious encounters with the great Norman race of the Butlers (or de Botelers). Just as the aboriginal Irish fought amongst themselves, so when the Anglo-Norman adventurers carried all before them; imbibing the genius of the soil they quarrelled incessantly amongst themselves. Yea! though Ireland were peopled with one race—which adored God in one religious form—and obeyed the same political authority, whether of a King or Commonwealth---its natives could not agree amongst themselves.

Look at Kanturk Castle what a tale it tells! Even so late as the Elizabethan times, the native Irish Mac Carties could not give up their instinctive passion for fighting amongst themselves. What an affectionate kinsman Dermod Mac Owen Carty was to Donough Mac Carty! Yea! though external aggression assailed them, they would not agree to resist it.

See too, close at our left hand is Castle Magner, which belonged in the rebellion of 1647, to Richard Magner—the agent for the Irish inhabitants of this district. The Magners were of British origin, and for a time flourished in pride and power, but they joined with the native Irishry. And like the Mac Carties were swept away. Yonder lies the field of Knockinoss, not far from the tower of the Magners. On that spot in 1647 was fought a decisive battle between the native Irish race, led by the Lord Taaffe of Connaught, and a miserable body of English, when (possibly from dissension amongst the Irish) the latter gained a complete victory. Aye! and mark, they (the English) were led by O'Brien Earl of Inchiquin, and descendant of Brien Borhoimbe, the hero of Clontarf. Native Irish, *versus* native Irish!

We see before us whole strata of ruins; as if they were the successive deposits of so many rebellions. Lying together they present to the eye of one familiar with their history and recollections, a singular and melancholy succession of historical "formations." To continue

the geological metaphor, it is a pity that even the most successful explorer is seldom paid for the trouble of digging into them. How rarely in such Irish excavations does one come upon the remains of any historical character of startling dimensions! The Earl of Desmond, in these our researches, is the only one possessing what may be called *a mammoth reputation!*

But even before us in this natural picture we see the ruins of the Irish Protestant Nationality. In the last century the Catholics had no civil existence in the state polity (until 1793). The Protestants had it all their own way. Irish Nationality suggested by Molyneux, the friend of Locke; advocated by Swift in his caustic and bitter writings, and splendidly illustrated by the genius of Grattan, made a far more aspiring bound than in the times when the Catholics sought to achieve it. The Protestant century was the only brilliant period of Irish history, and the country improved in a hundred years more than it had done during the previous five centuries. Why so? Partly because there was a free development of indi-

vidual character and talent under the expansive and mind stirring influence of Protestantism, but *principally* because there was no civil war from the fall of the Stuarts down to the days of the United Irishmen. In that century society became tolerably fixed; wealth began to accumulate, and different classes of society, possessing ability and leisure, were gradually developed. The country became comparatively rich and happy, and excessively ambitious. Even the Irish Aristocracy sought to be national and patriotic. "The spirit of a new genius descended upon the nation; its throne was the Emancipated Parliament, and from its seat of quick respiration, it went forth upon the whole land in bright flashes of intellect, illuminating every object, and kindling every kindred spirit." Men of an order of genius that never before appeared in Ireland came upon the public stage. They dazzled and delighted, they aroused passions—kindled hopes; and in ministering to the passion of Irish Protestant Nationality, shed lustre on the country, while they won glory for themselves, by the splendour of their talents.

Where is their work now? What vestiges of their exertions are in the land? Even Protestant Irish Nationality, *when it resolved to be exclusively Irish*, went to ruins and decay. It was the most effective political element ever introduced into the affairs of Ireland; possessing far more moral power and intellectual energy than a Catholic Nationality (with its mind stifling influence) could put forth, and yet Protestant Nationality failed. The British Power brushed away the labours of Flood —Grattan—and the Earl of Charlemont, as she had formerly defeated the efforts of the Mac Carties—the O'Neills—the De Barrys—and the Earl of Desmond.

Like yonder crumbling ruin of Mount North was the Protestant Nationality of Ireland. Existing as a memorial and recollection, and not as a habitable dwelling place, it is only of use to the historian or the artist—a thing of the past—of no sensible advantage in present times. Like Mount North, Protestant Nationality, rose from the soil—ambitious in design—and brilliant in execution. But its glory was short lived. Its founders were selfish and ex-

clusively addicted to their own aggrandizement, and personal corruption (in both cases) contributed the resources by which individual and national ambition carried out their aspiring plans. Mount North has been left to rottenness and ruin—to internal decay and to the fury of the tempest; Irish Protestant Nationality gradually fell away under the influence of political corruption; its few and tottering remains were soon levelled to the ground by the blasting energy of British Imperial WILL.

How mournfully suggestive is the scene before us! Yonder are the demesnes of absentee aristocrats, as bleak and desolate in appearance as the hearts of their owners are callous and selfish. And yonder is the Irish village, looking not unlike the corpse of a beggar, that has died of dirt and starvation. There is a dead look about the whole place; everything seems sunk and hopelessly immersed. Its prospect is as miserable as the perusal of Irish History is dreary and disheartening.

But come, this sad view, if we will study it rightly, can be turned to a most cheerful con-

clusion. There is a wholesome and elevating moral to be drawn from what we have seen in this political landscape, and we may turn its suggestive associations to a most useful account.

After six centuries of rebellion and civil war in Ireland, the British Power stands unshaken and unimpaired. Sept after sept of native Irish has been borne into oblivion. Innumerable rebel houses of the Anglo-Norman race have been extirpated. Faction has risen after faction to perish like its predecessor. But there stands the British Power invincible to its assailants, and while we see around us the crumbling ruins of Irish political nationality, we can discern innumerable effigies of the British Empire, which shew no signs of weakness and decay. Just as we look yonder at Buttevant Abbey all in ruins, the last resting-place of the Anglo-Norman De Barries—Prendergasts—and Meades, and of the native Irish Mac Carties, O'Halys, and O'Donegans; and as we see standing by its side the British barracks, full of that soldiery before which the legions of revolutionary France were compelled

to recoil. While the Irish are totally disunited —broken into two nations—there stands the British Power presenting a single front, and supported by the unanimous resolve of every party and creed—every class and rank in Britain, to maintain vigorously its existence on the Irish soil.

On the other hand the Irishman has kept one thing which is still fresh, exuberant, and full of life. He has lost all his political nationality, but he has retained his distinctive and peculiar personal character, which he has resolved never to give up. The Englishman during six centuries has always fought for *power*, he has succeeded. The Irishman has fought most frequently for the sake of *pride*. The Englishman not satisfied with imperialising Ireland, wished to anglicise the character of its people, and has completely failed, for he warred against nature. There is no natural cause to prevent Ireland being a component part of the British Empire, but there are in Ireland various causes which will always operate to make its natives distinctive and peculiar. It is madness for the English Imperialist to strive to obliterate Irish

character; in doing so he makes the existence of his authority a perpetual insult to the feelings of all the country.

The IRISHMAN has lived in all the force of native local character, though he has failed to achieve a recognised existence amongst the community of nations. Even within the centralising influences of the empire, his peculiar personal character has remained fresh, vivid, and untamed as in Burke and Grattan, Goldsmith and Moore, all Imperialists, but also Irishmen in character and genius.

The results of six centuries of Irish history teaches this lesson, that British political authority is impregnable, and ought to be deferred to, and that Irish character is inextinguishable, and ought to receive social recognition within the empire. Britain can imperialise the politics of Ireland, but she will completely fail in the disgusting domestic tyranny of anglicising the manners and habits of its Catholic and Protestant natives.

History would say to one, "Your position on the globe requires that the Irishman should be an Imperialist; but give up your vain and

insulting attempt to metamorphose Paddy into John Bull." To the other it would cry, "There is so much that is beautiful and original in your national character, that it would be a pity to resign it, even if you were inclined to do so, but refrain from your futile and vain-glorious attempts to break the British Power. You may retard civilization, but you will never succeed in destroying the British Empire."

But this is not all which, "Seeing Irish History," would suggest. It would appeal to the Irishman's pride whether he ought to wish that his country should remain a land of ruins. It would suggest to him the question whether he ought again plunge his country into those civil wars which have left him scarcely any thing to point to except the existence of his national character. That character has a wider field for its display within the circle of British Empire than if it were hopelessly pent up within a distracted island. Where can the Irishman hope for a nobler field for the manifestation of his enthusiasm than on the theatre

of British Empire? Considerations of this nature will force themselves into the mind on the examination of the character of "The Irishman."*

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* It may be necessary to inform the English reader that Mount North—Buttevant, &c., are the real names of actual places. The author has drawn the political landscape from nature.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE IRISHMAN.

"Susceptible of all feelings which have the colour of generosity, and more exempt probably than any other people from degrading and unpoetical vices."

Sir James Mackintosh, (alluding to the Irish.)

The Irishman undoubtedly differs from the native of every country in continental Europe. He does so palpably from the Englishman, but there is nothing from which he is so totally

different as from that character usually assigned to him in England.

For example, the Irishman is universally thought of throughout England as, "Such a funny fellow! What a droll creature he is to be sure—his humour is positively irresistible! But what a pity that Paddy should always be so dirty, and sometimes so very quarrelsome and irritable!"

Alas! that "Paddy" should be *first* thought of as a funny fellow! Nothing can more plainly show how undeveloped and misunderstood the Irish character has been. Yet the Englishman is not to be blamed for thinking of the Irishman chiefly as a witty and humourous creature. Next to his courage, (which has never been questioned) wit and humour are the qualities which the Irishman is fondest of displaying before the Englishman.

At first sight the Irishman, when examined on his native soil, appears to be the oddest jumble of contradictory qualities. Sometimes the fiercest, and sometimes the gentlest of human kind; to night vivid and flashing, setting the table in a roar—to-morrow cast into the very depth of dejection; this week profuse

and extravagant in his dissipation, and the next austere and laborious—he presents so many opposite phases within a brief space of time, that one does not know what to make of him. He delights you with the brightness of his conception, and dazzles you with the sparkling vivacity of his illustrations; but he disappoints with the feebleness of his conclusion, and surprises with his total want of moral purpose, and coherency of view. You think you see through his weakness, and disregarding his eloquence, attack him boldly on some of his favorite prejudices, or most pernicious habits—but you are surprised at the successful (if not triumphant) defence he makes, for Paddy, as was said of the greatest of his race, "can sap the most impregnable convictions with his pathos, and put to flight a host of syllogisms with his sneer." Again you change your mind, and give him credit for more searching common sense and worldly knowledge than you would have assigned him, but alas! you have just learned that the man apparently so keen, subtle, and penetrating has been guilty of a most ridiculous blunder, which the most stupid lout in England could not have

committed. Well! at last you have made up your mind upon him, and are almost ready to pass him by with feelings approaching to contempt, when lo! he suddenly performs some noble and generous deed—some action requiring high-souled and chivalrous character, and again your feelings undergo a change into admiration. You forget his weakness, and are carried away by his enthusiasm. In remembrance of some magnificent exploit you cannot bring yourself to scold him for his subsequent indolence, and though you were prepared to chide the Irish peasant for his mingled violence and laziness, the words die upon your lips, as you see him share his last cold potatoe, with one who has no claims upon him, but those of kindred misery and congenial desolation.

You find the Irishman irritable and querulous, on many points upon which an Englishman would not bestow five minutes of spleen; on the other hand you see him callous and insensible to the shame of many things, upon which an Englishman would be roused from fierce indignation into strenuous, sustained, and

invincible action. You cry, for shame! on Paddy to put up with it, and again are prepared to despise him. But on closer examination, and further research you find him sunk in many evils not of his own creation, and incurable by his own efforts. You see him enduring many evils which are almost hopeless of remedy, and you behold him in all his suffering (for he is sensitive and susceptible) bearing his misery with a gallantry of spirit, that at least provokes your astonishment, if it does not extort your admiration. He wails and sobs over the grave of one he loves, and repines at the decease of his friends, in a style which at first you think is affected and over-strained, and which proving to be genuine, almost invites your censure as "unmanly." Let that very Irishman apparently so tender of heart and sensitive, be suddenly scowled upon by fortune. In a week, or perhaps a day, let him be robbed of all his worldly prosperity, with his family be cast into utter ruin, possibly under circumstances, in which an Englishman would cut his throat, or after protracted misery, die of a broken heart. The Irishman, whom you thought so querulous in misfortune, appears

not palsied in his spirits. Strange to say they are as lively and elastic as ever. He laughs at the saucy jilt fortune, scoffs at her cruel decrees, grins in her very face, and jibing her with his racy and never failing humour, with gay levity of spirit, and reckless audacity, is borne over a tide of suffering where an Englishman would have foundered.

Again—you have been the steadfast friend of the Irishman during many years. You have interchanged offices of friendship, and yet for a hasty word, or inadvertent expression, savouring of want of respect, he renounces your friendship, resents all attempts at reconciliation, and perchance becomes your foe. It is your turn to become unfortunate—misery assails you in various shapes, you are deserted by the world and your "velvet friends." Be not surprised at the same Irishman coming to you with tears in his eyes, and imploring of you to accept his assistance, which he offers with such evident sympathy that it would be vain to resist him.

Thus it will be observed that the character of the Irishman is made up of extremes, and that his most conspicuous virtues closely border

upon their neighbouring vices. His patriotism is spoiled by fits of riotous and extravagant fanaticism; his generosity runs into profusion, the brilliancy of his wit is occasionally tarnished by his devoting it to flattery, and the ardour of his friendship is too much under the influence of impulse. The beauty of his character consists in its capacity for generous enthusiasm, in its pathos, and its disinterested sympathy. Its greatest natural faults are its painful uncertainty, its mercurial volatility, and indifference to steady objects and consistent aims, and worst of all its slavish spirit of revenge.

A great fault in the Irish when examined on their native soil, is their conventional similarity each with another. It is very easy to distinguish them from other nations, examining them collectively; it is very difficult to discern individualism amongst themselves. It must be acknowledged they are too concursive; they have great faith in crowds, although they revolt against long continued association; and while the mass of them are inflamed with the illusions of a romantic national pride, each man amongst them is too deficient in moral courage —in fearless self-reliance—and distinctive in-

dividuality of character. With personal courage in brewing physical dangers, they are all lavishly endowed; and the world has universally accorded to them the possession of valiant hearts. The heroism of Irish character is not to be questioned; but it is much to be regretted that Irishmen *as individuals* are not more stern in their self-control, and more averse from dependence upon other sources of welfare, than are to be found in a man's own virtue, his own talents exhibited in his own manner, his own opinions formed by his own examination, his own resources extended by his own efforts, in short that Irishmen will not individually depend enough upon themselves.

They have all the moral courage required for the endurance of evil, but not that peculiar moral courage which is required for protracted enterprise. If each man were to do his own peculiar duty—the work of all would be accomplished in the best manner. But the Irishman is apt to think that all are to do the duty of each. The concursive habits of the country are fatal to individualism.

And this brings us to the most conspicuous point in Irish character; to that fault which is

undoubtedly the source of much that is poetical and sublime in the Irishman, but is also the cause of much of his moral misery—his political slavery—and his physical wretchedness.

The Irishman seems to have been born a Fatalist.

If the originality of the Irish character were called in question, it would be enough to answer that the Irish are the fatalists of Christendom. The false religion of the prophet of Mecca has never been actually presented to the Irishman's mind, but between those metaphysical principles on which the religion of Islam depends, and the soul exalting doctrines of Christianity, there is a clashing encounter in the mind of the Irishman. He readily imbibes the poetry of Christianity, without adopting its metaphysics; while he seizes unconsciously the metaphysics of Mahommedenism, without however losing his sensibility and vivacity.

It may seem absurd to some of my English readers, to talk of an Irishman and metaphysics, but they must not confound Irish character with the ignorance of the Irish peasantry. There is such a thing as "Irish character" irrespective of all considerations of class—rank

—religion—and politics. Irish character exists as a distinctive moral essence, and though often pourtrayed with brilliancy, it has seldom been analysed with philosophical subtlety. Any one capable of doing so, and who has extended the range of his observation amongst all classes in Ireland, cannot fail to discern the apparently innate and hereditary taint of fatalism in the national character.

The Irish Protestant Divines cry out against "Popery" as the cause of Irish Fatalism. Ah! why will those gentleman see "the mote in their brother's eye, and cast not the beam out of their own." Why there are scores of Irish Protestants, who hate Catholics and their religion with low and contemptible bigotry, whose fatalism is just as bad as that of any of the Peasantry! Why is it that Calvinism in its most depraved form has spread through the Irish Protestant Church, except because its doctrines are in many respects congenial with the belief in "Doom?" For there is a strange supernatural Power—an unearthly Being armed with authority over men in this world, and interfering with their conduct—called by Irishmen "Luck" — or "Fate" — or "Chance."

The character of this strange being is generous and capricious—benignant to-day and terrible to-morrow. There is no way of pleasing it, for it exists only to shew its whimsical disregard of good and evil. It embraces "Paddy" one time, in order to enhance its infernal pleasure in torturing him on another. In this abominable supernatural power in which so many Irishmen believe there is no ethical character at all recognisable; it is one of the most unjust and anappeasable of natures. It shines to-day, that it may scorch to-morrow; it blasts and uproots like a tempest, and a little after blows gentle gales.

Under the influence of respect for this strange power, the Irishman colours his religion with melancholy and gloom, or perhaps falls into presumptuous self-confidence. The Irish Protestant, who sneers at "Popery," creates an exaggeration of Satan, and assigns the Evil One a vital presence in ordinary life—distracting to the mind—palsying moral energy—and affrighting the imagination with appalling forms of the infernal—and irredeemable. In the very best classes of the "Upper Nation," amongst those educated at the University—you

may meet with persons bowed to the earth under the terror of their creeds. You may know them by their gloomy aspects—cadaverous visages—their taciturnity only to be broken with some withering denunciation against the ungodly and the infidel. How these people hate the "Papists!" How in their grovelling terrorism they rage and gnash their teeth against the religion in which More and Fenelon went to Heaven! Why those very men who lie passive and prostrate under the influence of a distorted Calvinism, if they had been born Catholics, would have cowered and succumbed to the humblest Priest, after a fashion never exhibited by Catholics of intelligence and education.

In England there are vast numbers of gloomy and fanatical Calvinists amongst the middle and humble classes, but you seldom find men of extensive acquirements, and genuine learning—casting their souls into contortion and agony with their religious views. In Ireland on the other hand you will find numbers of gifted natures, and accomplished minds, spell bound by religious influences.

Mark in Dublin University, how the young

and ardent Irish Protestants are seized with the most furious Calvinism! Their Irish — or Oriental imaginations are caught by its dark splendour—its dazzling though terrible fascination. It is that very "Terrible" conjoined with the splendour of Salvation—staked upon an Eternal Hazard—that sublime toss of dice —which fascinates and keeps them bound! The "Chance" is so very awful—but so splendidly exciting. There is a Christian "Luck" for them! Oh! if they can but throw doublets for salvation! Oh! Mercy! if they have cast only deuce ace for Eternity!

On the other hand the Catholics also colour their religion frequently with Fatalism. This might perhaps be expected for many reasons; but even some of the best educated amongst them worship this "Luck." The Protestants have repeatedly taunted the Irish Catholics with Fatalism; but the Catholics are obnoxious to the charge, not as Catholics, but as Irishmen. The Protestants of Ireland are just obnoxious to the same imputation.

But in all dispensations there is a compensating influence. The Irishman rescues himself frequently from the influence of Fatalism, by

means of a quality, developed in his mind after a peculiar and national fashion. This quality is his levity.

In other countries levity is a weakness, in Ireland it is a source of moral strength. A man endowed with an Irishman's sensibility and warmth of character could not endure misery and misfortune in all its shapes, if it were not for his bounding pulse—his elastic nature, and that gay vivacity of soul, which neither poverty, nor disease are able to subdue. The careless scoff—the witty jest—or the sarcastic joke are discharged at " Fate" by the Irishman, when the " Luck" turns against him. Without this levity a genuine Irishman could not sustain himself. One of his sanguine temperament could never bear reverses, if he were not endowed with this indomitable vivacity—this freshness of spirit which seldom can grow stale. Undoubtedly it is to be regretted that he makes constant use of it. If it is a shield against spleen, it is also an impediment against calm and steadfast energy.

An Englishman wants this levity, and what is the consequence? His mind does not vibrate under the influence of the volatile essence,

which is always present in the Irishman. He works continuously and with sustained effort—he is incessant and not to be wearied. But let the Englishman be assailed by the calamities of Providence—by evils which men cannot cure, and into what morose and splenetic gloom he falls! How sour he is to his neighbours—how he presses upon himself! After his misfortunes you can never hear him laugh—a solitary smile seldom crosses his darkened countenance. All the world in his eyes is sunk in gloomy vapour. There "shall be no more cakes and ale," and "ginger has ceased to be hot in the mouth." Even in his mute and constant agony you can see the deepset phlegm of the Saxon soul. The constancy of his character is visible in the continuance of his despair. The very energy of the English soul contributes to the protraction of its misery, when the stroke comes from on High. But the same energy saves the Englishman from the aggression of the evil which is of man's own creation. And here is the difference between the English and the Irish. The first determines never to submit—to place faith in his own invincible

energy; but he has lost his happiness for ever, when his resources are gone—and his "energy" maimed and mutilated. He knows no such virtue as "Hope" when he finds he cannot work. But what power is there that could blast the hopes of an Irishman? It is from this invincible levity that *he* is able to bear *his* misfortunes, often having (by means of the same levity), caused so many of them to occur! It is the cause of much of his gaiety and brilliancy, and is also the source of his laziness—his indolence—and his shocking indifference to cleanliness. He allows the levity of his mind to influence his ordinary habits; becomes lax in his notion, of self-respect, and callous to all the needless dirt and unnecessary squalor which might so easily be removed.

Yet there can be no doubt this levity in the Irishman is a cause of unquestionable spirit and strength. Many of his best qualities mainly exist in him by means of this verve of racy gaiety, which prevents his heart being hardened by misery—or his spirit broken by misfortune. Deprive him of his levity, and you will leave no corrective to his enthusiasm, which would soon

become a gloomy and morose fanaticism. Take away his levity, while you leave him his characteristic sensibility, and you will make him the most pitiable of human beings. You will have quenched the fire of his wit, and choked up the sources of his humour, but you will not have diminished the sources of his pain.

And thus Irish character is essentially formed from an original union between poetical enthusiasm and levity of disposition. In no national character are the tragic and comic so blended together as in that of Ireland. If she had a dramatic literature of high order which faithfully illustrated the character of her people, it is from the point of view here indicated, that an Irish Poet would apprehend his subjects. For the original collision, and subsequent harmony—between the dark and the bright—the mournful and the gay—of Irish Nature—is vividly picturesque, and exquisitely dramatic. A poet of any country observing Irish character, would at once perceive that its levity is totally distinct from French fickleness.

In England the Irishman principally exhibits his levity. And thus John Bull takes up notions of "Paddy," such as might be derived

from Cumberland's "Major O'Flaherty," or Sheridan's "Sir Lucius." The earnestness of the Irishman seems misplaced in England, and cannot be supposed to waken responsive chords in British bosoms. He becomes more prone to entertain than to excite; to satirize than to denounce; and to enjoy his existence, rather than to sigh over the fortunes of his country. Thus to the English he is principally known as "such a funny fellow!" They often laugh at his flow of humour, and as often at his brogue and blunders. They are amused at his vivacity —and displeased at his vulgarity.

Take for example an Irish peasant, who may be supposed a fair specimen of the people. Bring him to England—and in contact with English society—let his actions and words be noted by a skilful comic writer—let his character so described be visibly pourtrayed by some able histrionic performer of Irish parts, and what fun there will be in "the little Theatre in the Haymarket!" The audience will be powerfully impressed with the extravagant drollery—and the vivacious vulgarity of the character, copied literally from the Irishman.

Take that droll and vulgar peasant to the hills again. Let him be accompanied by any Englishman possessed of talent for observing character, and the necessary sympathy required for understanding it. Let them walk together on the mountain side; let the Englishman draw out the deeper qualities of the Irishman, let him start the country's wrongs as a subject of discourse, and how astonished will that Englishman be at the totally opposite phase of character presented to him! The poetical wildness—the intense sympathy—and gushing imagination of the Irish peasant will then burst forth racy, redundant, and original. He will not then be thought of for his brogue, or his blunders, or his blarney. The Englishman will be astonished at the evident symptoms of a high-souled nature that he has discovered under the dirt and rags of the Irish peasant. The very last word he would apply to that peasant is the word "vulgar."

The English who have not visited Ireland are not to be blamed for the disparaging views which they have taken of the character of its

people. The novels descriptive of Irish life suggest many vulgar and grovelling ideas. For the ordinary Irish novel is generally little better than three volumes of brogue and blarney. When an Englishman sees his language turned topsy-turvy by an imaginary peasant, who is made to talk in a high strain a sense of the ridiculous comes across his mind. It is very hard indeed for the most consummate literary artist to render faithfully the emotions of an Irish peasant, without creating a sense of the ridiculous, arising from the contrast between the ardour and eloquence of the peasant, and "the lofty strain of illegitimate English," in which he vehemently pours out his feelings.

The Scotch novelist has a vast advantage over the Irish writers, because the Gaelic of the Scotch peasantry is a local language with its own character and rules. Jeannie Deans talks with perfect simplicity, but if Scott had supposed a similar character amongst the Irish peasantry, what difficulty he would have in giving her language. The Scotch peasant speaks a simple local dialect; while the Irish

peasant speaks either his own Irish tongue (in which he is not vulgar,) but perfectly unintelligible to the English. When he gives way to his emotions, and expresses them in English he is apt to produce an effect such as would be caused by jumbling the "Exile of Erin" with the "Groves of Blarney."

It is curious that in England the Irish character is far more popular in Tory than in Whig circles. The Tory is churlish of extending political privileges to the Irish, but he by no means grudges them their local feelings; on the other hand the Whig is liberal in granting civil rights, but disgustingly contemptuous towards all Irish feelings. The Tory Imperialist likes the Irish character, but opposes Irish politics; the Whig Imperialist proffers alliance to Ireland, while in private (and in public when he dares) he sneers at the Irishman. For one Tory of celebrity, who has spoken or written in favour of extending civil liberty in Ireland, there may be quoted twenty Whigs; for one Whig of eminence who has spoken or written *sincerely* in favour of the Irish character, there may be

quoted a score of Tory authorities. And the reason of this difference between the Whig and Tory in their relation to Ireland may be found in the fact, that at heart the Irishman admires authority, cherishes prescription and usages, likes old things—and sympathises with antiquity. Generous, open, profuse, and hating all stingy utilitarians, he is not by disposition prone to censure aristocracy for its dissipation and love of pleasure. In religion the Irishman disliking the cold and abstract metaphysics which by some Whig divines is called "Christianity," he is a spiritualist and not a rationalist, and oftentimes ridiculously superstitious, is never an abominable infidel. He may be said to possess all the merits and all the faults of Tory nature, without having much of the sturdy individualism, love of inquiry, and desire of mental and personal independence that so honourably characterise the Whig school.

All Irishmen who have mixed extensively in English society will confirm these observations.

Upon the Irish soil there is no class of Irishmen superior to the medical men.

Its physicians and surgeons are the best specimens of the country. The Irish Barristers are devoured by personal ambition, and beyond their profession they are only politicians. The landlords are selfish and want national feelings; the Protestant Ecclesiastics are miserably bigotted, and will not mix with Catholics; the Catholic Ecclesiastics after receiving some education shew but little appetite for more; the Irish merchants are deficient in enterprize, but the medical men of the country are decidedly the best Irishmen, tried by a local as well as a cosmopolite standard. They are more rational in their views — more refined in their habits—more tolerant of political and religious differences—than any of the other classes. They are by an immense degree superior in general knowledge to the lawyers — the parsons—and the priests. Their society is far more interesting and agreeable than that of the Barristers, whose profession has sunk since the Union, and considered as professional men, they are the most generous and liberal in the community.

It is well to examine the causes of the moral

and intellectual superiority of the Irish Medical class to the rest of the community.

They are in the first place exposed to a greater number of moral cosmopolite influences than the rest of their countrymen. In the earlier part of their lives, they have spent probably two years at Paris or Edinburgh, and have had opportunities of removing many local prejudices. The young Protestant student of Medicine goes to Paris. He had, while in Ireland, an unreasoning antipathy to Catholicism. His mind associated the religion of the Church of Rome with agitating demagogues—with poverty, dirt, and laziness. In France he beholds the religion which he so much despised professed by a civilised and happy people. For the first time in his life perhaps he is led constantly to mix with Catholics of his own grades, and by degrees he becomes tolerant of a creed that he loathed in Ireland. In the same way a Catholic student of Medicine repairs to Edinburgh. He is fascinated with the mental energy, and zeal for knowledge pervading the whole place. He contrasts the intellectual ardour of the society at Edinburgh, with the alternately indolent and violent

society to which he has been accustomed. He appreciates the superiority of the civilisation which he beholds for the first time, and acquires elevated views of life, and the destiny of society.

On returning to Ireland these men, Protestant and Catholic, find it necessary to abstain from political excitement. Political partizanship (at any side) will only injure them in social estimation. Their minds are not inflamed with the parochial bitterness of the provincial politics of Ireland, and they pass their lives in a state of blissful freedom from fanaticism.

Lastly (and chiefly) the Medical men are the best class in Ireland, because they mix habitually and extensively amongst the two nations. The duties of their profession carry them into domestic relationship with Orangemen and Repealers—with selfish Tory landlords and reckless mob orators. They see all sides of Irish life, and view it behind the scenes. They have many painful opportunities for observing what little reason any class or party in Ireland has for pluming itself upon moral superiority to its neighbours or rivals. Thus upon the medical men of Ireland, there are many posi-

tive and negative causes at work to render them morally and mentally superior to the general Irish community. It should not be forgotten that though they are cosmopolite in taste and education, they preserve the charm of local colour. They are not ashamed of being Irishmen—on the contrary they exhibit the national character in its best and most pleasing light.

And does not the fact of the superiority of the medical men in Ireland suggest many things to the mind? Why should not Irishmen adopt the same tolerant and liberal view of their country, and its dissensions, which generally prevails amongst the medical classes? Why should they remain so insular and retrospective, never allowing their minds to expand to the horizon of European knowledge, and British civilization? Why should not they mix more amongst themselves, instead of always dividing into two odious and disagreeable divisions? The Irish physicians and surgeons are the only large class who open their houses to the reception of persons of different races, religions, and politics. They are insensibly led to do so by their relations to the

society around them. Why should not all Irishmen cease to consider differences of opinions as causes of hatred and animosity? Until they do so, they will never be properly civilised, and will remain only half developed.

THE END.

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